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BRADING, FROM THE DOWN.

THE
ISLE OF WIGHT.

BY
J. REDDING WARE.
"



The Photographic Illustrations by

RUSSELL SEDGFIELD AND FRANK M. GOOD.

SECOND EDITION.

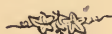
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Introduction.



THE Isle of Wight is the paradise of bees, flowers, and invalids. Almost throughout the year there are blossoms for the buzzing bees, who are awake and careering through the air long after their English brethren have said "good-night" to the year and have hived themselves accordingly. Even into December, that usually chilly month (though perhaps, in its early days only), invalids have been known to take constitutionals accompanied by parasols and umbrellas, these constitutionals being taken in the most nooky parts of such a natural winter-garden as the unequalled Ventnor. The islanders are perfectly aware of the rarity, the exceptional quality of their climate, and indeed they do not take the needless trouble to praise it very much. The island speaks for itself. Storms are positively rare in the Isle of Wight.

But while the islanders are prone to attribute this satisfactory state of meteorological things to something very much in the

nature of special provision, the less enthusiastic stranger is prompted to question science upon this point, only, however, to ascertain that science has no reply whatever to make.

But little attention has been given to the consideration of this subject, and it must be left to future physical geographers and meteorologists to analyse the question.

The changes in passing round the Isle of Wight are most infinite. To the north the shores are generally low and inclined towards the main land, for it is here the greedy sea swept into the land, and cut away the island from England. Here, on the north, between Hampshire and the isle the sea has lapped and melted away the land in sweet summer weather; here in winter the high and seething waters have bitten out huge titanic mouthfuls, sucking, undermining, rending. The soft, marshy land has yielded without any resistance beyond its weight and its extent. From the time when the sea at last separated the land, and swept round it, another island, the water has never ceased to absorb the weak strata lying along the north shore. As you walk you can see the land yielding. Hark! a splash, although the sea is only whispering to the faint breeze, and not a human sound comes near you. It is a piece of the soil yielded to its implacable enemy—the sea; and if you watch, you will mark how the almost motionless water will melt away and slowly level it.

Examine well the yielding land upon the north of the island. Mark the fissures in the soft earth. Here is a wild rose growing half on one side of a crack, half on the other. The slow summer sea has undermined the ground it grew upon, and the roots are separating. A few days, and with another soft plunge and splash, half the wild rose bush will be engulfed. It will be the turn of the other half this year, or the year that is to come.

Look away a yard over the water. There you see a cake of earth, with this year's leaves still flourishing, albeit the mother-earth has been swept to sea. How long will the leaves twitter in the breeze? If the waves rise angrily, the tiny blossoming island will be swept away to-night; if not to-night, to-morrow.

Look farther, and you will see last year's branches below the water, still clinging to the submerged ground. The branches now bear other fruit than blackberries, hips, and haws; amongst them floats other life than gnat and midge. Tiny little molluscs have fixed upon the twigs; they are the young fry of the *frutti del' mare*, of the sea-fruit that men gather in nets. And in place of the midges you may mark tiny atoms of life floating in and out, and playing at that ceaseless game of catch-catch which the summer flies keep up through all the hours of the day.

There is the tiny world below the water, drawing the lines of its universe at high water-mark; and at a distance so narrow that it evades measurement. On the very surface of the water itself begins the life of the air. And between the two is the land, ceaselessly yielding to the unceasing sea, and after serving the life of the air through ages—a moment, and yielding to the water, it becomes the immediate home of new shapes of life.

But on the south side of the isle the land has warred with the water, and disputed every grain of chalk or stone. On the north, the angry sea sweeps over the land, ravening and tearing it away. On the south, the high proud cliffs drive back the imperious water, which, repelled, will rise in its frothing rage high, it is said, as any lighthouse there.

The sea can wait. The cliffs resist, but they must yield in immense lengths of time. For months, for years, the waters may boil round the Needle rocks, and only a whitened water

shall be the result, as though the sea had turned pale with rage at its ineffectual attacks ; when, suddenly, a mighty wave beats at the rock, and over it heels, the water leaping and screaming athwart it like a thing of life. Then apparently, the waters are appeased. Information of the change in the aspect of the Needles is sent up to the Trinity House ; sailors grow accustomed to their new form ; and the old shape is almost forgotten, only to be recalled when again the sea claims another rock.

Within the memory of many of the islanders the aspect of the Needles has changed more than once.

Some day, in a mighty storm, such as appears to rage only once in the course of centuries, the whole line of rocks called the Needles will be swept away, the cliffs will fall, woods will be engulfed, and a new view of the island will be created.

The sea is never still, never satiated, and though the land resists, it is ever yielding bit by bit.

How long shall it be before the sea will swallow the cliffs which still defy it ? Many thousands of years may pass before the cliff above Scratchell's Bay falls, but the cave now being scooped into the chalk tells how, in time to come, down must fall that mighty rock.

Mantell, in his charming book devoted to the geology of the Isle of Wight, has given several pages to an analysis of the geology from Ryde to Alum Bay—that greatest wonder of the Isle. He says, “ The steam-packets from Ryde to Yarmouth pass sufficiently near the northern shore of the island to afford a general view of the outcrop of the strata in the cliffs and bays formed by the inroads of the sea, and at the mouths of the rivers and estuaries. The coast from Ryde to Cowes exhibits little or no feature of geologic interest. Here and there slips.

or subsidences in the low cliffs have exposed beds of calcareous marl and fresh-water limestone, covered by alluvial clay and loam, along the sea-bounds of Her Majesty's estate at Osborne, and of the grounds of Norris Castle. Along the shore, at low water, numerous fossils and shells, which have been washed up, are very often to be met with.

"On the north side of Garnet Bay, about two miles west of Cowes, the cliffs are composed of alternating beds of clay and limestone, the latter abounding in fresh-water shells. In Thorley Bay similar strata are observed, with layers of blue clay and sand, containing marine shells. In several localities along the whole north shore of the isle, fluvio-marine clays appear on the sides of the sloping banks, but the exact stratigraphical position of these beds is concealed by vegetation. They are probably the equivalents of the strata at the northern end of Whitecliff Bay, which contain an intermixture of marine and fluvatile shells.

"Beyond Newtown Bay are Hampstead Cliffs, about nine miles east of Yarmouth, consisting of calcareous marls, with the usual fluvatile shells in great abundance.

"Passing Yarmouth, and reaching the shore opposite Hurst Castle, we enter Colwell Bay, where the cliffs exhibit an alternation of marine and fresh-water strata. In the fissure called Bramble Chine a thick bed of oyster shells is exposed, apparently in its original state, the valves being in contact with each other as when the molluscs were living. This appears to be the equivalent of the oyster-bed observable in Whitecliff Bay. Many beautiful fossil shells may be collected in this locality. In Totland, or Tolland's Bay—the latter title being a corruption—similar sands, clays, and marls form the cliffs. Thence we reach Alum Bay."

To our thinking, the wonderful parti-coloured sand and

clay cliffs, in vertical strata, of Alum Bay form the most wondrous and beautiful geological puzzle that is to be found in the world of geology. No geologist has attempted to account for the ever-varying changes in colour of the sand-layers, some of which are so thin that they appear to be the work of only a few minutes' deposit.

Of the striped Alum Bay cliffs—from an artistic point of view—it can only be said that they are simply beyond praise. Their appearance has been compared to a silk of banded colours. The harmony and variety of their tones, their combined beauty, their soft shadows, their interminable changes grow upon you much after the fashion of one of Turner's more recondite pictures. Then again, the play of light and shade upon the broken surface multiplies the tints a thousand fold. There is no geologic example in the whole world similar to this striped cliff phenomenon in Alum Bay, of the rationale of which all geologists appear to be in absolute ignorance, since they make no attempt to explain the puzzle. It is a beautiful mystery.

And another strange thing about these varied sands is this, that as they mix at the bottom of the glorious cliff, they mingle into the ordinary tone of sea-sand, and resemble that here found upon the beach, and from which so good a glass is made.

The course of these parti-coloured sands may be followed as far as Freshwater, where, haply digging a hole in a hedge, a stream of rose-coloured sand shall flow forth as though there were magic in it.

Mantell grows enthusiastic in describing Alum Bay:—
“The panorama presented by the sweep of Alum Bay is quite unequalled throughout the island, and probably is not, for equal peculiarity and beauty, surpassed by any stretch of coast line in the United Kingdom.”

Sir Henry Englefield, an amateur geologist, describes the spot in the following language :—"The scenery of this Bay is very superior to that of any other part of the island. The chalk forms an unbroken face everywhere, nearly perpendicular, in some parts most formidably projecting, and the tenderest stains of ochrous yellow and greenish moist vegetation vary without breaking its sublime uniformity. This vast wall extends nearly a quarter of a mile, is more than four hundred feet in height, and terminates by a thin projection with a bold broken outline. And the wedge-shaped Needle Rocks, rising out of the blue waters, continue the cliff in idea beyond its present boundary, giving an awful impression of the stormy ages which have gradually devoured its enormous mass. The pearly hue of the chalk under certain conditions of the atmosphere and light is beyond description by words, and probably out of the power of the pencil to portray. The magical repose of this side of the bay is wonderfully contrasted by the torn forms and vivid colouring of the cliffs on the opposite side. These do not, as at Whitecliff, present rounded headlands clothed with turf and shrubs, but offer a series of points of a scalloped form, and which are often sharp and pinnacled. Deep, rugged chasms divide the strata in many places, and not a trace of vegetation appears in any part; all is wild ruin. The tints of the cliffs are so bright and varied that they have not the aspect of anything natural. Deep purplish red, dusky blue, bright ochreous yellow, grey nearly approaching to white, and absolute black, succeed each other as clearly defined as the stripes in silk; while, after rains, the sun, which, in summer, from about noon to his setting, increasingly illuminates them, gives a brilliancy to some of these strata nearly as resplendent as the lights on real silk. Small vessels often lie in this bay for the purpose of loading chalk and

sand, and they serve admirably to show the majestic size of the cliffs, under whose shade they lie diminished almost to nothing."

Continuing his analysis of the geology of the coast line at and about Alum Bay, Mantell says:—"Although the unconformable position and dislocated strata at Headon Hill appear at first sight to present little correspondence with the nearly horizontal fresh-water deposits at Whitecliff Bay, and the richly coloured and variegated stripes of sands and clays on the vertical cliffs of Alum Bay, still less to resemble the dull, ochreous marine beds exposed in the breaks of the turf-covered slopes of that locality, yet a careful examination will soon convince the observer that the geological characters of this north-western section of the eocene strata agree in every essential feature with those which should engage his attention at the eastern extremity of the island. The variegated and deeply-tinted sands, marls, and clays, which impart so remarkable and brilliant an aspect to the cliff, are between seven and eight hundred feet high. The attenuations and variety of the vertical seams or layers are almost innumerable. The sands are of every shade, of red, yellow, green, and grey. Some are white, and others almost black. The clays are equally diversified."

Mr. Webster, another historian of the isle, remarks:—"The variety of the vertical layers is endless, and may be compared to the stripes of a parti-coloured tulip. On cutting down pieces of the cliff, it is astonishing to see the brightness of the colours and the delicacy and thinness of the several layers of the white and red sand, shale and white sand, yellow clay and white and red sand, and indeed almost every imaginable combination of these materials. In the midst of this series there are vertical layers of pebbles, and one thick stratum, and many seams of lignite."

This lignite, it appears to us, points to coal, which has been found and worked on the island, but to an unprofitable conclusion. Alum Bay takes its name, it is usually said, from alum having been found on the beach. However this may be, its coloured sands are certainly the wonder of the Isle of Wight. Seen from the water at sunset, their wealth of colour, of mingled light and shadow, is quite beyond any attempt at description.

And there is another peculiarity to be noticed at Alum Bay, a peculiar pearliness of the chalk cliffs which surround the bay—this phenomenon being seen at certain times and seasons; indeed, at all times there is a singular chiaroscuro to be observed in connection with them. Mantell (*“Geological Excursions round the Isle of Wight”*)—and his work is the most charming book upon geology which has yet been written—quitting the coast line, and turning inland says, speaking of the towering downs:—“We see two parallel sweeps of huge hills, stretching east and west along the whole length of the sea-bound landscape. The northern range claims only moderate height, and slopes gradually to the shore, while it exhibits that smoothened, rounded, circle-cutting-circle outline, which at once tells the geologist, whatever the embroidery such a landscape may have upon it, forest, grass, corn, or heather, that the formation is pure white chalk. The first line of hills consists,” says our author, “of fresh-water strata, which are super-imposed on the eocene marine deposits. The southern range of hills claims the greater altitude, the greater length; each point seems to be stretching higher than its neighbour, and this rivalry may be marked fairly along the whole length of the island, from the east promontory of Culver Cliffs to the extreme western Needles.”

Of the geological formation of the southern hills, Mr.

Mantell says:—"The southern division is almost entirely composed of the different members of the cretaceous system. The white chalk forms a range of domes from the eastern to the western extremity, and is flanked on the south by the lower beds of this formation. These are succeeded by another group of chalk hills that expands into a broad and lofty promontory, in some parts between eight hundred and nine hundred feet high, headed by St. Catherine's, Shanklin, and Boniface Downs. On the southern escarpment of this chain the upper deposits of the cretaceous system reappear, and fallen masses of these rocks form the irregular line of terraces which constitute the Undercliff. The downs on the southern coast are separated from those inland by an anticlinal axis, which extends through this part of the island, and is produced by the upheaval of the fire-stone, gault, and green sand. The promontory of the Undercliff is flanked both on the east and west by extensive bays, which have been excavated in the clay and sands of the Wealden and inferior cretaceous deposits by the long-continued lapping of the sea. The Wealden occupies an inconsiderable extent of surface; but in Sandown Bay on the east, and in Brixton, Brook, and Compton Bays on the west, the cliffs, which are formed of the upper clays and sands of this formation, are exposed to unremitting destruction from the action of the waves. The sea-shore is therefore strewn with the detritus of these fluviatile strata, and the shingle contains innumerable water-worn fragments of the bones of reptiles and other organic remains."

The geology of the Isle of Wight is by no means wanting in majesty. A student who desires to make himself master of this subject will find Mantell an invaluable guide.

A Bird's-eye View and General Description of the Isle.



IT is from the highest of the downs in the Isle of Wight that a bird's-eye view of the isle is obtained. These downs or hill ranges vary from four hundred to seven hundred feet in height, while one line of hills runs through the island "like a back-bone." It is this back-bone which offers, when it is surmounted, as glorious a view as any in the whole south of England. Standing on Arreton Down, and looking north-west, the eyes mark on one side the peaceful palace of Her Majesty, on the other the remains of the warlike old castle of Carisbrook, with its now useless loop-holes, and its ramparts covered by nature with that type of civilization—ivy, which creeps over old castle and abbey, an ever fresh sermon upon the vanity of overstrained power. Men have built to control and defy. Control has been lost, and defiance is in the dust, and here is the ivy curtaining the proud stone-work.

Below Carisbrook Castle is the metropolis, as we suppose it must be called, Newport; and lying above it the inevitable prison, backed by the heavy solid depths of Parkhurst Forest. Away, on the horizon, may be seen the downs above the Needles, high and towering, and seeming, when seen from the shell of some small boat a mile or two at sea, veritable mountains. Of these rocks—the Land's End of the Isle of Wight—the Rev. W. L. Bowles has sung:—

“On these white cliffs, that, calm above the flood,
 Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,
 Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
 Here many a lonely wanderer has stood;
 And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
 And o'er the distant billows the still eve
 Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
 To-morrow; of the friends he loved most dear;
 Of social scenes, from which he wept to part,
 But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
 The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
 Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
 And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,
 The world his country, and his God his guide.”

A writer, referring to the Needles, very justly says:—
 “From the chalky nature of this remarkable group of rocks, and of the coast of the island from which they have been detached, continual changes are taking place in their form and disposition. In some places the sea has eaten through them, and formed large and irregular archways; in others, it has so washed away their sides, that they look rather like walls than solid rocks; while deep caverns have been formed in the cliffs which fall in from time to time, and gradually diminish the island in that direction.”

Old records of Wight, by the way, teem with statements of the abundance of wild fowl in this part of the isle.

The Needles are now as unlike needles as they well can be,



THE NEEDLES, FROM SCRATCHELL'S BAY.

for they are almost as broad at their summits as their bases. But an engraving made even so late as 1832-1840, gives the whole range a distinctly pointed character.

Let us sweep round towards the balmy south, and we shall see the cheery-looking Freshwater Bay, made classic by the residence of Tennyson on the hill above, and charming in itself by the bounty of nature. Now bring the eyes along the coast line of chimes, themselves a marvel of contrastive study, and—you mark that point!—the Under-cliff, which like a guardian angel, hides white-housed and parapet-like Ventnor from the view. But you may mark the thin white smoke rising in the air. Still drift along the coast line: your eyes are now glancing over the beautiful valley of the island—the fruitful valley, wherein nestles Arreton, and where is harvested more than the islanders can consume.

Elizabeth Wallbridge, a pious peasant girl, whose history has been simply and feelingly narrated by the Rev. Legh Richmond, in a small volume entitled “The Dairyman’s Daughter,” was born in Arreton, and lies interred in the churchyard.

The church was one of those given to the Abbey of Lyra, by William Fitz-William; and, in the reign of Henry I., when Baldwin de Redvers endowed the Abbey of Quarr, he either gave the manor of Arreton, or procured it for his new foundation, to which it belonged till the abbey was dissolved. The church, which is dedicated to St. George, is an ancient edifice, consisting of a nave and chancel, with a south aisle. In the aisle, is an ancient plate of brass, on which is the effigy of a man in armour, with his feet on a lion; and underneath is this inscription:—

Here is y^e hyried: under this graue,
Harry Hawles: his soule God saue:
Longe tyme steward: of the Ile of Wight:
Haue mercy on hym: God ful of myght.

There are also some handsome monuments to the Holmes family; that to Sir Leonard Worsley Holmes is peculiarly worthy of attention; the sculptor, Mr. Hafkoll, was a native of the island.

Arreton Farm-house is a good specimen of the Jacobean domestic architecture.

From Arreton Down may be enjoyed a prospect of wonderful beauty,—hamlets shining among leafy copses, venerable manor-houses and ancient farmsteads, meadows and uplands, streams, groves, and shadowy combs. On its summit a few years ago, two considerable *tumuli*, or barrows were opened, and many interesting relics exhumed. St. George's Down is quite classic ground. Here, in the days of the Earl of Southampton (1607-9), was a famous bowling green, "railed in" at the cost of the gentry of the island, and a sort of summer-house, maintained in a bountiful fashion. "I have seen," says Sir John Oglander, "with my Lord of Southampton at St. George's Down, at bowls, some thirty or forty knights and gentlemen, where our meeting was then twice every week, Tuesdays and Thursdays; and we had an ordinary there, and card-tables." Wyndham says, "This is the most centric elevation of the island. It is unconnected with any other hills, and the plain upon its top may be a mile in length. The views from it are not so exclusive as those from the higher hills, though they are sufficiently varied to arrest, occasionally, the progress of a passenger, and, particularly, on the spot where the whole length of the Newport river discloses itself, from that low town even to the harbour and streets of Cowes."

Now let us return to our bird's-eye view.

To your left is Brading Harbour, honoured by the memory of noble Sir Hugh Myddleton, who tried so bravely to give London good water. And now another turn will bring Ryde

and Cowes into view. And thus in a few sentences, we have carried you round the island, and given you a bird's-eye view from one of its highest points. And thus having, after a manner, introduced you to the Isle of Wight, you will permit us to come down from our stand-point.

The principal river, and it is not a very wide one, is the Medina, from the Latin *Medius* it is said. This river very fairly divides the island into halves, to which have been given the distinctive titles, east and west Medina. But we may add that when the guide-books describe the Medina as dividing the island into halves, it must not thereupon be supposed that there are two Isles of Wight. In fact the river only cleaves the island at its widest part one third of its width. However, if a line be taken south from the rise of the Medina, and in continuation of the direction of the river, which flows due north, it will certainly very fairly make the division roughly described to be achieved by the one water-way to which the islanders have the hardihood to apply the term river. To be sure there is the eastern Yar, flowing into the almost-lake called Brading Harbour, and the western Yar (for it is a peculiarity of the island that whatever place there is on the western side is duplicated in name on the eastern, of course with the substitution of eastern for western) which flows into the Solent at Yarmouth. In neither case can the stranger quite tell where the river is, and when he has found it he discovers that, a lateral brook or two apart, he has arrived at the source. But the rational tourist cannot expect to find Missouries and Mississippi in an island which is only sixty miles in circumference.

The western Yar forms Freshwater into a peninsula. In fact, the Isle of Wight is quite a primitive lesson in physical geography, while at the same time the history of its political geography is absorbing in interest.

But though the island is charming in itself, it is looked upon with gravity by all passing mariners. Bembridge Point, the Foreland, Dunnose, East End, Rocken End, St. Catherine Point, Atherfield Point, Brook Point, the Needies, and Headon Hill—these are words associated with fearful wrecks and hair-breadth escapes, to the list of which every winter throws its fearful contribution.

Perhaps the most remarkable and distinctive landscape features of the isle are the chines, a disagreeable term, but one pre-eminently forcible. There has been so much wordy contest over the derivation of this designation, that it is only wisely judicious to maintain silence upon the point. Charles Knight passes by the question to describe the natural object itself. That lucid writer says, "The chines are deep fissures which have been cut in the cliffs by the action of a streamlet falling over the summit. All of them have the same general features. There is a wide opening seaward which contracts inland with more or less rapidity, according to the hardness of the rock, the greater or less quantity of water which ordinarily falls over, or other circumstances. In some cases the ravine reaches for nearly a mile inland, and is lost at length in the ordinary bed of the brook; in others, it terminates abruptly in a waterfall. Although the stream must in every instance be regarded as the chief agent in cutting the chine, its enlargement is perhaps as much, or more, owing to other influences. The action of the waves during great storms, when the sea is driven violently against the cliffs, has tended considerably to enlarge the opening of the chines, while the landslips, which continually occur after severe frosts, must have caused the steep slopes to fall in from time to time. But the deepening of the chines is always brought about by the stream, as may be observed in any of them where measures are not taken to prevent the constant wearing away of the rock."

But no human measures can in the wealth of time prevent nature from her work. A skilful wall, a well-made brick-built water-way, may arrest the eating down of the land by the running water, but it will last only a hundred years or two, and then patient nature will again work on.

But it is the botanist, the being who in friendly opposition to the geologist, seeks the latest of heaven's work, as the geologist—and all honour to him—seeks the earliest, who will find in the Isle of Wight that he has been very specially provided for. Very early in the spring, and only two hours' journey away from Hampshire, he may find snowdrops and crocuses in full bloom, when on the main-land those daring flowers, with all their courage, have not ventured to raise their heads. A little later in the spring, when not a leaf is fairly out upon even the sycamore tree, shrubberies will be found radiant with little floral stars, for the greater part white, and often the ground will be all a-tangle with wild strawberry, while the primroses have grown so large on all sides that they seem to be flowers which have come of age.

It may be said of the Isle of Wight, that here you may find examples of the entire English flora, if not even of the floras of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, with one of its own added. Especially are the ordinary sea-beach and sea-side hill flowers to be found in perfection.

Flowers scarcely know what winter means in the isle. When nature has retired for the season in England, and mats are being put about pet plants in the neighbourhood of places even so southerly as London and Canterbury, away in the more favoured parts of the isle, fuchsia, geranium, and myrtle are still throwing out bloom. Indeed, flowering plants appear to think that their hardest working time of the year is about the period when, in other localities, vegetation,

except of a very ordinary and market-gardening character, is going to rest. You get wild flowers, dale flowers, hedge flowers, forest flowers, sand flowers, creepers innumerable, and ivy beyond convenience. Leaves on the trees are thicker than elsewhere, nettles grow higher; you may find heather on the broken downs; and now and again a sharp-eyed botanist goes to the isle and is sure to find one or two new varieties which have never been seen there before, and which have not been found in any other part of the United Kingdom.

Here we cannot enumerate the wonders of the Isle of Wight flora; we refer our readers to the *Flora Vectensis* of Dr. Bromfield, whose work has been edited and added to by Dr. Bell Salter. But a few revelling sentences may be permitted us. A botanist, or rather a florist—for the isle is rather the sublunary heaven of the lover of flowers than the devotee of plants—will read the following lines with much the same relish that a judge of wines will read the cellar-book of a great wine collector.

Does the reader devote himself or herself to Botany? Then let him seek the neighbourhood of Rookley, Freshwater, Alverstone, Thorley, Shanklin, Quarr, and Carisbrook. There may be found the *Osmunda*, the *Bog-pimpernel*, and *Bog-asphodel*; *Utricularia minor* (near Newchurch); *Utricularia major* (Freshwater marshes); *Trichomanes* (Carisbrook and Quarr); the *Adder's Tongue* (Thorley and East End); and *Ruta Muraria* (Freshwater and Calbourne).

Close in by the sea, between Ryde and Sandown, one is certain, at the fit and proper times, to be hailed by the *Sea-side Rush*, *Drop-wort*, the *Smooth Sea-hyath*, *Sea-holly*, *Yellow Centaury*, *Sea Mat-grass*, and *Nottingham Catch-fly*.

Go to Newport and Carisbrook, and you will certainly find *Arabis Hirsuta*, *Red-berried Briony*, *Autumnal Gentian*, *Grammitis Ceterach*, *Least Toad-flax*, and *Butcher's Broom*.

At Culver Cliffs are found the *Portland Sponge* and *Orobanche* (*Broom-rape*); at Binthead the *Broad-leaved Helleborine*; upon the downs around Ventnor the *Orchides* (*Ophrys Apifera* and *Ophrys Muscifera*); and the *Bee-Orchis* may be gathered at Quarr and Binthead.

"From the variety," says an eminent physician, "which the Isle of Wight presents in point of elevation, soil, and aspect, and from the configuration of its hills and shores, it possesses all things that can render it a highly favourable residence for an invalid, and a habitat for innumerable flowers."

Poets, doctors, florists, tourists, all combine in unceasingly praising the Isle of Wight.

It has a metropolis, of course—Newport; and the number of parishes in the two Medinas is—but of what avail shall it be that the reader learn the number of parishes? He would forget the numerals before he had turned the leaf.

It is more to the purpose to point out that, culminating all its natural advantages, the Isle of Wight possesses a "Governor of the Island." But it must be conceded that his duties are merely nominal, for the age is against small governments, divided authorities, and its powerful neighbour the county of Southampton, otherwise Hampshire, has absorbed the isle for "all general purposes," as they express it in the insula. However, the Isle of Wight returns two members to Parliament—one for the island, and one for Newport.

Of the principal towns we shall have to say something in chapters methodically devoted to each; but we may at once add, that the Isle of Wight is a perfect little community in itself. It not only possesses its governor, but it has its municipal organisation, its prison, its poor-house—euphoniously called "The House of Industry,"—and its military establishments. No less than three thousand soldiers form the complement at Park-

hurst barracks. The coast-line is dotted with forts, the greater number useless, while perhaps the finest, and at the same time useful military work completed within the Island boundaries consists of the splendid, direct, and scientific military highway running along the southern length of the island from Freshwater Bay to the out-crop of the Undercliff. It was this part of the island which was unfortified. Portsmouth protected an approach by way of Spithead; Hurst Castle and Yarmouth forts any advance upon Portsmouth through the Solent; while the Undercliff was a natural protection half-a-score of miles in extent. Brading, and the downs above it, protected the east of the island. Only the frequently sloping land between Freshwater and Ventnor was utterly unprotected. During the time of the invasion panic, now seven or eight years since, shrewd military men recalled to their memories how, in a comparatively recent—certainly within the modern historic—period, the isle had been held by an enemy, and the scheme of the military road was brought forward and put into execution. It was accomplished with marvellous rapidity. Certainly it blocked the weak point in the English line of southern fortifications. A hostile army, once possessed of the Isle of Wight, a march to Ryde would place it within five miles of the great arsenal at Portsmouth. The formation of this road was, therefore, the result of a masterly idea. The road is not useless, though fortunately it has never been applied to what may be called its legitimate uses, since it forms a new direct road for the farmers. And this in itself is a benefit. Indeed the Isle of Wight, looked at from a military point of view, is now merely an out-work to Portsmouth. But we prefer to look upon it from a more peaceful stand-point, and regard it not as a field for warfare, but as the flower-garden and convalescent hospital of all England.

Some Account of the Political History of the Isle of Wight.



WHEN the antiquaries have essayed to settle the derivation of the word Wight, the variation of opinion has been, as it remains, most startling. The ordinary man, who has thought upon the subject, has often arrived at the conclusion, that the island being more or less surrounded by high cliffs of dazzling white chalk, the isle gained its name Wight thereby, some allowance being made for orthography, seeing that white must be a very old English word, simply because the names of colours are amongst the first to be formed in a language, and the last to be lost. And this single argument might be strengthened by the recollection that England is abroad, very generally called Albion, owing to the dazzlingly white aspect afforded by those southern cliffs which are the first specimens of the country presented to the foreign view.

But the antiquaries have permitted no such simple derivation to satisfy them. The Romans called the island *Veſta*, or *Veſtis*, and the antiquaries maintain that *Veſta* has been corrupted into *Wight*. They will not hear of the suggestion, that probably *Cæſar* and his followers and successors may have corrupted *Wight* into *Veſta*; a corruption which would be much after the process by the use of which our land came to be called *Britannia*.

Other antiquaries hold that *Wight* comes from an old British word, *Guith*, pronounced probably like "white," and which meant a breach or division, in this case referring to the sea dividing the isle from the mainland. But under these circumstances it is difficult to comprehend why the term was not applied to the channel rather than the island. Both antiquarian sides, however, are agreed that the arguments of each are supported by the entries in reference to the island which are to be found in "*Domesday Book*," where the reader has the choice between *Weſt*, *With*, or *Wiſt*, a variety which is a good example of what corruption in pronunciation will effect even in one generation. It should however be urged that probably these three variations in the spelling of the name of this island were almost symphonious; the first, no doubt, was pronounced "*Wet*," the second and third "*White*."

Antiquarianism, like most other sciences, is continually drifting towards simplicity, and therefore we need have little hesitation in urging that the primitive name of the island, given to it by that wonderful exodus of peoples from various points on the shores of the Mediterranean, which flowed up the outer coast of Spain, Portugal, and France, and thence peopled the British Isles, gave, in the first place, as a maritime people, a name, the equivalent of our "white," to the island, a term the result of the first observation made by those early navigators

whose descendants we in a great measure must be. We may fairly believe that however the name may have been spelt, through Roman, Saxon, Norman, and English ages, the pronunciation has always been "white." Primitive names should be the landmarks of the antiquary. Amongst primitive names, those of hills, rivers, and islands are most marked for their persistency. The word "*pen*" (hill or mountain,) is still used over the whole of that portion of Europe where the races found by the invading North European had placed their feet. We possess a very striking and singularly recent example of a designation adhering to a great physical outline, despite the influx of new races. The names of almost all the North American rivers, and of many of the States, remain Indian, albeit in many States the Indian blood has utterly ceased to circulate. Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, Massachusetts—all these names are purely Indian. Who can suppose that upon the tongues of the millions these names can be changed?

Upon these arguments we base this claim—that the Isle of Wight retains the name given it by the first human race which landed upon its shores and peopled it—an out-going, sea-loving, blue-eyed race, who saw that the island was white, and called it "Wight."

It does not appear to be known when the separation between the island and the mainland took place, a separation which after years of patient working may have been made in a single night. But it is just possible that the conversion of the peninsula of Wight into the Isle of Wight may have been effected by the mighty storm which swept along the Channel in 709. In that fearful catastrophe, Jersey, which was then a peninsula joined to the coast by seven miles of isthmus, in parts two to three miles wide, became an island in one night. The stretch of seven miles was engulfed only to the depth of some few feet, but

the sea gained its victory. Once England must have been wrested in a similar manner from Europe, at the point where a line would stretch between Dover and Calais. Only half a century ago, a shell-encrusted bank, seen distinctly in the shallow water, marked the place of a row of trees, which in 709 fringed a brook drowned in that great storm, which divided France from the feudal holding of Jersey. This row of trees formed the boundary line, separating the Jersey from the Norman fisheries; and only half a century since, or a little more, in a great law-suit between the Jersey and the Normandy fishermen, in a French law court, this veritable old boundary line below the sea was brought forward as a natural witness against the encroaching French fishermen. The Jersey netmen won the day, and to this hour they maintain their rights, founded upon a bank of sea-shells formed over a row of trees which was carried down into the sea more than a thousand years ago. Suffice it to learn, that in some mighty convulsion of nature, the sea, possibly combined with volcanic action, did overwhelm the isthmus connecting the now Isle of Wight with the English soil, and separated it from the mother-land for ever.

“Art,” says an author, writing of the isle—“Art, here, as in some other cases, yields to nature the palm of superiority. Nay, so perfect is nature in these parts, that it is maintained the rate of mortality amongst those born on the island, living and dying there, is lower than of any spot in the United Kingdom. The general returns, however, including deaths of invalids, or of people who have taken up their abode in the isle as a forlorn hope, to obtain a little longer lease of life, bring up the death per centage to quite the average for the whole of England. The true Wightman is very much hurt in his self-love by this collective result; but on the other hand he is by no means averse to the benefits which are derived by the inflow of

wealthy and liberal people, who possess apparently all the blessings of worldly life, with the exception of that health which alone makes the rest endurable.

Timber was at one time plentiful over a greater part of the isle, but the vicinity of a great dockyard, which until almost to-day was crying perpetually for wood, wood (the demand has now changed to one for iron) is not a guarantee for the safety of forests. Portsmouth has effectually thinned the timber of the isle. What woods there are, apart from private grounds, are mere tenderlings; their thinned shrubberies, once oak and elm—the favourite woods of the navy—gave the isle umbrageous shadow and broken lines of sweeping landscape. The oaks have long since failed away over the oceans, and the elms are down, but the garden of England still remains true to the words Scott wrote of another spot—

“The roving sight
Pursues its pleasing course o’er neighbouring hills
Of many a different form and different hue;
Bright with ripe corn, or green with grass,
Or dark with clover’s purple bloom!”

It is only within the last twenty years that the general belief has been cleared away that, before the Roman invasion, the Isle of Wight, in common with all England, was inhabited by barbarians. Archæologists are now beginning to discover, that to accept absolutely as truth in relation to the primitive race who peopled the British isles, all or any part of what has been said by past writers, is to err. Antiquarians are beginning to experience the good effects of the use of induction, and to discover that a personal investigation of what remains of the early races, together with the indirect and unintended evidence offered by the one important writer upon this subject, leads them to the conclusion that to infer the Briton was a

savage, even in the earliest known times, is to be greatly mistaken.

It is a matter of deeply-rooted tradition in Ireland, that the country was once so civilized that human life was at all times safe, and in all parts of the land; while the much discussed round towers afford inevitable evidence of something like a state of civilization at the time of their erection, because a large building is in itself evidence of an advanced, a settled, and a non-migratory life. Thence we infer, in reference to Wight, that it was in the first place peopled by civilized colonists from southern Europe, that thence this early people flowed over the south of England, and so on to the north. We submit that when Cæsar arrived off the coast of southern England he met, not an army of barbarians, but forces of disciplined men, forces no doubt inferior in military and civil education to the Romans, but not therefore savages.

It goes for nothing that Cæsar calls the Britons barbarians. It is a term which was equally applied to all people not within the pale of the Roman civilization, and therefore it may be accepted as of no more value than the similar term applied to us by the Chinese and Japanese, and under precisely similar circumstances, those of being beyond the boundaries of China and Japan.

It is not to be expected that Cæsar, writing for Rome, will allow that the British did certainly drive back the Roman vanguard, as the men composing it leapt into the shallow water in which the galleys were anchored. But it appears to us, quite ingenuously, he tells how his soldiers were confounded by the novelty of the warfare opposed to them. Now novelty is not a characteristic of savage warfare, while Cæsar had certainly had experience of war with people of primitive and barbarian character.

There can be scarcely any doubt that the chariot-warfare displayed by the British, the marvellous ability with which the knight ran along the shaft of the chariot and cast his javelin, did drive back the Romans, not by the savagery of the resistance, but by its comparative evidences of art and civilization.

But the resistance offered by the British is not the only evidence we have that previously to the arrival of the Romans they were not wild men of the woods. Cæsar writes, telling how his soldiers were gathering corn from the fields, when the foraging party was fallen upon and slain. Now this act takes place almost immediately after the Roman landing, and therefore before the Romans had gained any opportunity of engrafting their own civilization upon the conquered people. Here then, we have the evidences of strategic war, and of comparative agriculture in favour of the theory that the people of the British Isles at the time of the Roman Conquest were not in a state of mere barbarism.

But there is another unquestioned shape of internal evidence of the early civilization of the British Isles, and one to which only a few years since the Isle of Wight, after the lapse of almost two thousand years, contributed its atom of proof. We refer to the readiness with which the Britons accepted the Roman rule—a readiness which appears to us to be proof positive of one civilization at once rationally accepting another because a higher civilization.

In modern history we know that conquered nations assimilate themselves to the conquering, and therefore more civilized people, in exact proportion to their own previous civilization. As an example, let us point to the conquest of the Red Indian by the American, and the partial conquest of Japan by the Englishman. In the first case the Indian is rapidly dying out, for the whites conquered no civilization. In the second, the

Japanese, although only a partially conquered people, recognise the value of that civilization which has thrust itself in amongst them, and they are gradually accepting all that is good in European thought and modern life.

We maintain that the early Britons were prepared to receive Rome. The Roman remains, very few as they are, prove that a very extended civilization, widening into the shape of cities upon spots which are now mere wildernesses or small villages, over a great extent of England did exist. Amongst whom? The Romans themselves were no more colonists than are the French of to-day. They did not conquer to find space for the people of their overgrown cities or provinces. They conquered as a military people, with whom it was a necessity always to keep large standing citizen armies, which had to be spread over the whole of the empire, but which, upon necessity arising, could be concentrated upon a given spot.

It could not be for the few thousands of soldiers stationed in England that the vast baths were built, the remains of which are being found every year, and in the most out-of-the-way places. Then if these Roman baths were not for the conquerors, they existed for the accommodation of the conquered, and we therefore arrive at the conclusion that at once the Briton accepted the Roman rule, and that the acceptance was a proof of a comparatively anticipatory civilization.

No Roman remains having been found in the Isle of Wight, the conclusion was taken and maintained that the Roman power had passed over the isle as valueless—unimportant; when, by accident in a garden in the very centre of the isle, and suggesting a little metropolis even in those early days, the remains of the tessellated floor of a Roman bath were found, a bath not so large as to suggest the idea that it was a public one, but

sufficiently extensive to justify the supposition that it must have formed part of an establishment of much importance.

The discovery of that Roman bath in the garden of Carisbrook parish parsonage, perhaps the very site of a Roman temple, at once admitted the Isle of Wight within the grandiose if unknown history of the British Isles under the Romans, a history which has to be written, and which will effectually dispose of the belief still generally held, (even by Macaulay,) with regard to early Britain, a conviction, it is to be feared, grounded for the most part, as far as this generation goes, upon Goldsmith's stupidly bad translation of Cæsar, by which in our youth we were taught to believe that the Briton wore his hair long, lived in caves, ate roots, and painted himself blue.

There have of course always been evidences throughout the island of the Celtic race. Villages and earth-works of very early date may still be traced around Gallibury, Newbarns and Rowborough. Nor is the isle wanting in many specimens of those tumuli or mounds which form one of its great archæological puzzles. These barrows are found in positive abundance at Brooke, Afton, Chillerton, and notably upon Mottiscomb Downs. At Brixton is to be found a huge cairn, while many of the last resting-places of this early people, about whose origin the learned disagree, but who probably came from the east by way of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, are met with at Shalcombe, Bembridge, Wroxhall, St. Catherine's and Ashey.

Opened, these barrows are found to contain urns of baked clay (evidences assuredly of the application of fire to the dead), varying in size and shape, and bronze celts, a sort of chisel, an implement proving beyond question that the owners were workers in metal, or at all events had dealings with artisans of that character.

Cæsar speaks of the Belgæ, a Celtic tribe, as landing upon

and taking possession of the island (B.C. 85). But it may be doubted whether Cæsar made this statement upon any stronger basis than hearsay. It is far more rational to assume that the island, in common with Britain, as the large army which resisted Cæsar proved, had been peopled through many generations, perchance centuries, and that the germs of civilization the early settlers brought with them had been fostered and advanced.

However, only a few years after the grand tragedy, culminating upon Calvary, had been played out, in A.D., 43-45, we know that Vespasian brought the Isle of Wight under the light weight of the Roman yoke.

Some knowledge of the populous condition of Britain about this time may be gained from the fact that Vespasian engaged in thirty battles, and reduced twenty towns before the Britons of the southern provinces yielded once again to the Roman power, liberty being sweet though bondage bring luxury. Although therefore the British accepted the Roman civilization, they again and again threw off the Latin bondage, until through the passage of a few generations, they became veritably Roman in thought and life, so that when the fierce hungry Saxons poured down upon them they turned quite naturally for help to imperial, yet trembling Rome herself.

By the year A.D. 240, the British subjection to Rome was complete. By A.D. 292, the first British fleet, anchored off the Isle of Wight, was ready to give battle in a bad cause, for Constantius, the Roman Emperor, having been dispossessed of Britain in the first place by Carausius, and afterwards by Allectus, he equipped a powerful fleet, and sailed from Gaul for Britain. Upon this occasion the British fleet failed, for a mist completely hid the Roman galleys, and the legions were landed along the English coast without opposition.

And these particulars are all that we can find in the Roman

literature which refers to the little Isle of Wight. But recent investigations, which are still in their infancy, have discovered remains of Roman villas at Clatterford and Brightstone; the square outline of a Roman encampment near Bonchurch has been swallowed by the sea within memory, and at one point of the island there are signs of an old Roman pottery. Let some wise man find there another pottery, for your Roman potter never used other than good clay.

Near Ventnor, the birth of yesterday, which has no name in maps of the island of forty years ago, remains of Roman villas have been found; and now that the hunt for such remains is in full cry, we have little doubt not a year will pass during which something shall not have been added to the history of Rome in the Isle of Wight.

The Rev. James White, however, has carried the Latin theory very far. That gentleman says, "Many traces of Roman occupation are still to be seen in the neighbourhood of Ventnor. Wise men indeed (names not given), tell us that the dark hair and brilliant eyes of the natives of this district are derived from a Roman ancestry." We rather suppose that, as in Wiltshire, so near Ventnor, the ancient Celtic characteristics remain almost utterly unchanged.

The Rev. E. Kell says, "There are, besides, many roads called Streets, which if not always planned by the Romans were adopted by them. These streets have, by their unusually large number in the island, the impress of extensive Roman residence. Thus, parts of the adopted British tin road from north to south are called Rue Street, North Street, Chillerton Street, and Chale Street. On the west there is Thorley Street and Street Place. On the east, Arretton Street, Bembridge Street, Haven Street, and Play Street; and again, Elderton Street and Whippingham Street from north to south in the East Medina.

There is some appearance of arrangement in the roads running from the north to the south, and of a reference to Carisbrook Castle as a centre, in the streets from east to west."

No, the island was not a barren waste in the time of the brilliant Romans. They must have found the isle a northern paradise—a place, in part reminding them of Italy. They found out the genial Ventnor—sweetest of names—and built their villas under the friendly protecting Undercliff. They built fortifications; therefore, they founded towns, and here, as elsewhere, they obtained power. But in return they were tolerant, pleasant masters, giving good lessons which bear their inherited fruit even to this day.

During the Roman occupation, that pompous four hundred years of the island's history, which did its work and died, the Roman shape of civilization was dying out and yielding to the Christian thought; for we hold that Rome never morally declined, but has risen over tyranny after tyranny, as she has always done, as she will always do, whatever the shape of oppression. During those peaceful four hundred years the islanders were protected upon the one condition of contributing their fair number of young men to the Roman army. Then Rome called her soldiers home, and a time of wretchedness and despair swept over the land.

"Too oft has this fair island been the scene
Of fierce contention, massacre, and blood.
The sword—great orphan-maker of the world!
Borne by the Saxon and the rugged Dane,
Laid waste for centuries the peasant's cot,
Filling each field and plain with heaps of dead,
And making every verdant valley blush
A crimson hue!"

By 520 all hope of peace was at an end. In that year Cerdic and Cynric (both Jutes) fell upon the Isle of Wight, and slew all before them up to Carisbrook. The Roman in-

struction had taught the islanders how to defend themselves, and they fought bravely ; but they were a docile people, who had been at peace through centuries, cultivating the fields, and making pottery for the Roman market, or oyster fishing for the great city on the Tiber. The Jutes were men who fought, as it were, after leaving burnt bridges and boats behind them. They were human birds of prey who knew that if they did not conquer they must die—that there was no home behind them—that they must hew out a present and a future with their swords.

The Jutes were not driven out of the island.

A hundred years, and then approached the first of those blood-thirsty crusades through which the Christian religion, so mild in origin, has had to pass. It is a mistake to suppose that the crusades were begun in the time of Peter the Hermit, in the eleventh century. They commenced almost immediately after Constantine had accepted and adopted Christianity—whether from policy, or conviction, or the force of superstition, we shall never know.

The Isle of Wight was one of the first spots to feel that Christianity could have a heavy hand. In 661, Wulfhere, king of Mercia, one of the very earliest of the Saxon kings to fight confessedly for the Christian faith, overthrew Cenwald, or Kenwald, king of the West Saxons, passed through Wessex, now Hampshire, and crossing over to the isle, very quickly subdued it, probably owing to the fact that the islanders, still clinging to the hereditary remembrance of the comparatively benignant Roman sway, cared little to defend themselves in favour of the reigning Jutic family ; and Ædelwald, king of the South Saxons, the land now called Sussex, having about this time accepted Christianity from the conqueror's hands, the victor gave him, as a baptismal present, this same Isle of Wight,

under the express condition that he converted the people of his new province to the new religion. To this end the freshly-crowned sovereign was helped by one Eoppa, a propagandist. But the people, who had most readily yielded to a change in the temporal government, clung desperately to the luxurious and seductive religion which was then all that remained to them of the old peaceful Roman dominion.

But the early march of Christianity was inevitable, for it was enforced by the sword. Through twenty years did the islanders hold their own, and then, sword in hand, "Cædwalla, king of Wessex, aided by his brother Mul," says Henry of Huntingdon, "praiseworthy and gracious, terrible in power, and excellent in person, beloved by all, and of a widespread favour, did subdue the island, and cause the islanders to accept cheerfully the faith."

However, when we assume that the islanders adhered to the Latin mythology, and refused to accept Christianity, we are only using an assumption, which takes shape from the belief that the islanders could not have remained four hundred years under the Roman sway, without acquiring a taste for the poetry and beauty of the Latin faith, as compared with the horrors and mysteries of their earlier beliefs.

But most authorities distinctly maintain that the religion conquered by the Christian was the Druidic faith. The chief authority for this statement is the work of the venerable Bede, who has given an account of the conversion of the island in very quaint, charming phrases. But it must not be forgotten that Bede simply compiled from Saxon chronicles, written unquestionably by monks. Nor are his statements borne out by any internal evidence.

Now, as the Romans rarely interfered with the faith of any people they conquered, it is possible that the Druidic form of

worship may have prevailed. By the way, we have no doubt the horrors of Druidism have been greatly exaggerated, though, at the same time, undoubtedly human sacrifices were made, as they were consummated, for that matter, probably in all the religions preceding the Christian. Yet at the same time the attractions of the Latin mythology, through such a stretch of time as four hundred years, must have had enormous weight in influencing the religious thought of the people. The venerable Bede says, "After that Cædwalla had conquered the kingdom of the Geriffi, he also subdued the Isle of Wight, A.D. 686, which up to that time had been abandoned to idol-worship; and he sought to exterminate the natives by a terrible slaughter, and in their place to establish his own followers. And he bound himself by a vow, although not then regenerated in Christ, that if he gained the island, a fourth part thereof, and of the spoil, he would dedicate to God. This vow he fulfilled by bestowing it, for God's service; upon Wilfred the Bishop, who was present with him. Now, the measurement of the said island, according to the English standard, being twelve hundred families, there was given unto the bishop the land of three hundred families; and the portion which he thus received he intrusted to the care of a certain one of his clergy Bernuin, his sister's son; and he gave him a priest named Hildila, that he might preach the word, and administer the waters of life to those who should desire salvation.

"Now, I think it should not be passed over in silence that, amongst the first-fruits of those who were saved in that island by belief, were two princely youths, the brothers of Arnald, king of the island, who were crowned with the special grace of God; inasmuch as when the island was menaced by the enemy, they took to flight and crossed over into the next province of the Juti, and being conveyed to a place which is

called *Ad Lapidem* (Stone, or Stoneham), where it was thought they might be hidden from the search of the victorious monarch, were foully betrayed, and doomed by him to death. Whereupon a certain abbot and priest, named Cyniberct, who governed a monastery not far distant, at a place which is called *Hretford*, that is, *Redford* (Redbridge), went to the king, who was then concealed in that neighbourhood, that he might be healed of wounds received while fighting in the Isle of Wight, and besought of him, that if it needs must be that the young princes should die, at least he might first be suffered to administer to them the sacraments of the Christian religion. To this the king consented; and the priest having taught them the word of truth, and washed them in the waters of salvation, rendered them sure of admission into the kingdom of heaven. And so, when the doomsman appeared, they gladly endured a temporal death, not doubting that thereby they would pass to the eternal life of the soul. Thus it was, that after all the provinces of Britain had accepted Christianity, the Isle of Wight also received it, though, on account of the heaviness of foreign domination, no one was appointed to the ministry thereof, nor to the bishop's seat, until Danihel, now bishop of the East Saxons."—*Bede, Ecc. History*, iv. 16.

But the historian does not mention the fact that the conversion was not a very colossal achievement, for that Cædwalla had put all the wretched islanders to the sword with the exception of three hundred families, who accepted the new faith as an exemption from death. Indeed, if Druidism greatly prevailed up to the seventh century, and then required for its destruction, in one of its last strongholds, the almost total extermination of its adherents, it must have been possessed of some principle of attraction totally unknown to us.

And now that long peaceful stretch of time, designated

the Roman occupation, must have passed away even from the memory of the islanders. Never, from the time of their conversion to that faith of peace which in its early ages was so utterly a faith of war—never from that date until comparatively recent years, were the islanders free from invasion. We have already seen how, only a few years since, when the great question of fortifications was agitating England, it was at once determined that the Isle of Wight must be protected by a great military road—such a work that it has not been approached by any military achievement in the island since the exodus of the Romans.

It may be said that between 787 and 897, the island was never free from plunder and desolation. The commercial prosperity of the island must long before these dates have wholly departed.

And now as the commencement of the feudal system frequently threw king and feudal baron into opposition—the fatal position of the Isle of Wight told against it. An angry lord, fleeing from the sway of a king, took refuge in the island, and pillaged it; or some half-outlawed Norman lord came over and laid it waste. Then, when either of these encumbrances was driven out by the legitimate king, there was more plunder, more bloodshed—and no relief, except death, was to be found.

So many were these onslaughts that they are not even chronicled; and it is not until we come to the year 1052, when William of Normandy was looking eagerly towards England, and Edward, entitled the Confessor, was living that weak but pure life which obtained for him his distinction, that we again find historical mention of a merciless raid upon the Isle of Wight. It is now Earl Godwin, who, being an exile and an outlaw, obtains a fleet from the Earl of Flanders, swoops upon the poor little island, and ravages it of what remained worth the

taking away. The excuse for this murder and rapine was grounded upon the allegation that the islanders had been very civil to the Normans, the great favourites of Edward the Confessor, who had not himself behaved with sufficient civility to the Earl Godwin.

It is a sufficient proof how utterly merciless were the acts of the Danes upon the Isle of Wight—how far apart from civilization—that there is not the faintest evidence of their stay upon the island. They ravaged, laid waste, created a wilderness, but could not colonize, and turned their backs upon the land, only to return when the wretched inhabitants had once more, by peace and industry, made it produce wealth sufficient for the stealing.

However, the knowledge of the arts and sciences taught by the Romans could never have totally died out, for glass was manufactured by the islanders, and stone worked in the time of the Saxons, from whom assuredly the Wighters learnt no fine arts. As the time neared to that degenerate period, when once again a Latinized race was to contend with the Saxon people, who had to some extent supplanted the original British, and especially upon the eastern and south-eastern shores, the Isle of Wight became a mere debateable ground for the two parties—on the one hand that of Godwin, who represented the essentially Saxon interests; on the other, of Edward the Confessor and his Norman favourites. During the last few years of Edward's life Earl Godwin may be said to have been the king of the Isle of Wight, for he became paramount upon the island. And it is a sufficient proof of the ineffaceable energy and activity of the islanders that, notwithstanding the incessant ravages of their land and possessions through four hundred years, so far were they from despair that they, by their industry, were able to provision Godwin's fleet, and even to afford men to make up the complement of his crews.

The Saxon Chronicle, which of course paints the acts of the Saxons in the brightest colours, says, in reference to this imminent period in the history of England:—"In 1052, Godwin did, with his sons Sweyn and Harold, land upon the island, but they did not much evil, except that they seized provisions. But they drew unto them all the land-folk by the sea-coast, and also up the country." Other chronicles paint this incursion in very different colours, albeit those of the Saxon Chronicle are sufficiently dark.

A few years, and the last of the Saxon incursions upon the island was effected. Once more Britain was under the control of a Latinized race, and from its influence, whether for good or bad, it was never again to be freed.

Harold, the last Saxon king—who had no more right to the throne, except the blind right of force, than the next wineherd, and who was false to the true Saxon heir, Edgar Atheling, as he was unfaithful to the promises made to William of Normandy—held high court in the isle some short time before the fatal strife at Senlac, afterwards called Battle; and the Saxon falling, William of Normandy reigned, and the Saxon system of ravaging warfare was annihilated.

The character of the incursions made into the island now changed. Fire and sword, in the hands of a Norman, William Fitz-Osborne, once more swept over the scrap of land surrounded by the sea, but the policy of the Normans was not that of the Saxons. They did not lay waste, with the full intention of "raiding" what they could, and of then departing. This incursion was rather a policy of feudalism, a policy by which a people was effectually subdued and held in a sort of slavery, but which, at the same time, though blackened by many shameful conditions, did offer something like a bargain

to the people, and did certainly tend to bind a lord and his servitors into a shape resembling that of a family.

Whether the dukes of Normandy were French or not, whether the Normans were French or not, matters little. However, if neither lords nor people were Gallic in blood, if they were really Scandinavian, it is difficult to ascertain by what means they came to use the Gallic language exclusively, to the utter extinction of the Scandinavian form of speech. Still more difficult is it to comprehend by what superhuman means a people could throw off its language and take to another. And, again, the question must arise, why should a people give itself the trouble—assuming them to have the power—to change the language? And what end was purposed to be gained by such an unpatriotic determination? Let all this be as it may, it is certain that the Norman conquerors were the heritors of the Latin policy. They did not devastate to leave, they devastated to conquer and remain.

Throughout the Saxon Chronicle, in its relation with the island, we find no evidence that the Saxons benefited Wight in any way whatever. But the hour in which we find Fitz-Osborne conquering the land, in that same hour we find the promise of benefit held out to the islanders. The Norman comes with fire and sword, with his terrible feudal rights, with his consciousness of being a king in *petto*. He carries with him the power of life and death, of enforcing mightiest obedience: the savage forest and gamelaws follow in his train, many of which still exist, the plague and worry of almost every country gentleman. But, exactly as the Norman passed the night at the battle of Hastings, in prayer, while the Saxon swept through the hours shouting and drinking, so this conqueror, Fitz-Osborne, in subduing the island, once more brings in his wake, prayer, and the peace of prayer. He appropriates

the land to his own use and profit, he divides it amongst his more immediate followers, upon conditions of the military attachment of themselves and all upon their land to his own person; but he founds a stately priory in the sweet valley of Carisbrook, and soon several churches are rising heavenwards. Then follows a company of Cistercians.

In these days, when the mission of monks is fulfilled, and the learning, of which they were the centres, has swept onward upon the dominant wings of the printing press, when we only look upon monkery from the miserable point of view it presented at the time of the Reformation, when the bad policy of the head of the Roman Church, through two hundred years and more, in forcing temporal power upon the spiritual, had borne its fruit of corruption and wickedness—in these days we are apt to look upon the whole monkish system as thoroughly rotten at all times and under all circumstances.

No belief can be more utterly without foundation. Monasteries were the only practical schools of the middle ages; and indeed, can it be more clearly proved that monks must have been high-class men, than by signalling the fact that it was a monk who led the Reformation. Luther was no layman, no hard-headed citizen who had never used a breviary; on the contrary, he was a monk who had crept into a monastery, overwhelmed by the death of a friend struck dead by lightning, as he and Luther were walking in a field—and had lived twenty years a monk. Never did Luther condemn the good work of a monk; he but condemned the monstrosities of a perverted religion.

The monks taught the Christian world all it knew up to the time of the invention of printing; then, as far as his scholastic use went, there was an end of the monk. His first work was

the teaching of agriculture, and, therefore, it will be found that every monastery throughout England is planted in a fertile valley and by a running brook that can turn a water mill, which mills, for the greater part, still remain. But it is not any the less a fact, that the monks were the first millers, the first farmers, and, in all probability, the first cattle-dealers. To this day, monks, in various parts of the world, drive very excellent trades in various rare and unrivalled manufactures.

And so, though Fitz-Osborne brought fire and sword to the Isle of Wight, he arrived also with many peaceful arts. Soon the sweet bells were calling to prayer, soon the fields were being cultivated in new and prosperous ways, soon fruit was growing in the monastery gardens, and flowers, many of them since become wild in the fertile soil, began to charm the islanders.

For two hundred years from the date of the conquest the history of the island is one of peacefulness. Nay, it is said it even became a refuge to that most miserable of men, King John, who so very fortunately came to the throne of England; and we say very fortunately, because the advent of a weak and therefore unjust king, is the opportunity of the people. Certainly, John Sans-terre—and he died true to his early name—was chronically attracted towards the constitution, existence, and defensive value of islands; and indeed, he granted to Jersey, in order to save the Jerseyites from yielding to the sway of their powerful French neighbours, such a remarkable charter that in all probability it was the form upon which was framed the great Charter whence England dates her national liberty.

If John really took refuge in the Isle of Wight during his feeble fight with barons and pope, assuredly the insulars kept well his royal secret.

But two hundred and a score of years being past, the paternal

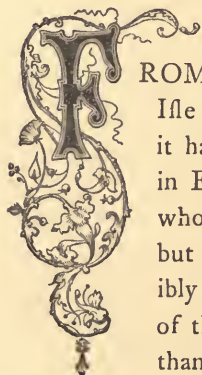
serenity and peace of the islanders—serenity and peace bought at the sole expense of feudal fidelity to the reigning lord of the island—were swept away: the islanders were again to experience those woes of ambitious contention which have always inevitably fallen upon the people, whichever side became victorious.

In 1293 Edward I. purchased the feudal rights of the lord of the isle, and from that time the island lost its individuality and became part of England. It was too near the main land to resist. Could it have been further from the land, it might have bargained, as did Jersey, with King John. It might, in common, have obtained all the advantages which both France and England had to offer, and rejected all the disadvantages—a position in which the Channel Republic remains and is likely to remain. But Wight was figuratively only a stone's throw from the main land, and its individuality was taken to market and sold for £4,000, money of that day, equal in value perhaps to £20,000 of to-day. The "person" who sold the feudalities of the isle, it must regretably be stated, was a lady, Isabella de Fortibus, "Lady of Wight," to whom the lordship had reverted only the year previous to the sale, by the death of her brother, one Baldwin, fifth Earl of Devonshire, and Lord of the Isle of Wight.

It is said this lady died on the very day upon which she completed the extraordinary contract which barred her family from the rights of sovereignty; they must have been of respectable character, for it does not appear that they expressed any belief that their head had been poisoned as a very complete way of sealing the compact. Nor does it appear that any reason was assigned for this strange and disloyal act on the part of the lady.

The History of the Isle

FROM THE DATE OF ITS ANNEXATION TO THE ENGLISH THRONE.



FROM the hour when Isabella de Fortibus sold the Isle to the British Crown, to the present time, it has been governed, under the reigning house in England, by a line of Custodes or Wardens, who in early times really possessed some power, but whose authority gradually, almost imperceptibly dwindled, until even so far back as the time of the Stuarts, the Wardenship was little more than an honorary appointment. In our days the Warden, now called the Governor, enjoys a comfortable sinecure.

However, the family of Isabella de Fortibus did not yield the point of possession with feudal readiness. The next heir, Hugh de Courtenay (and the Courtenays of to-day may well be proud of an ancestor who could deny the justice of a Plantagenet of the fourteenth century), protested before the body of barons against this alienation, and he maintained that undue

influence had been used to obtain the consent of the heiress. A brave man, but rash ; for what subject, not being of the royal family, ever obtained a decided victory over a Plantagenet ? However, the court had the decency to allow the attempt on the part of the Courtenays to continue through a score of years, and then a decision was gravely given in favour of the Crown.

In the time of Edward II., the isle fell upon very evil times, for that deplorable king, exercising his accustomed idiocy—and the act was in itself so imbecile as to be almost an example of courage—gave the lordship of the isle to Piers Gaveston, who accepted the office to honour it by being an absentee. As the world knows, the barons having then held power through the great charter for a century, and being the descendants of those who had conquered the weak John, finding a still weaker monarch in Edward II., so effectually protested against Gaveston, that Wight was soon relieved from its new warden by the summary process of assassination : and now the king bestowed the lordship of the isle upon the Earl of Chester, afterwards Edward III., then about ten years of age.

By this time France was strong enough to be menacing towards England, and therefore the Isle of Wight was a point which called for immense watchfulness. The governor, expecting the isle would be attacked by the French, was sufficiently foreseeing to order the building of twenty-nine beacons, and two watch towers, at equi-distant points, so that information of the anticipated invasion might, in the event of its attempt, at once be flashed over the isle. We are furthermore told that the valiant young prince made many wise regulations affecting both the clergy and the laity in reference to the provision of men and arms.

As the sagacious prince foresaw, the French landed, and even reached Carisbrook, despite the beacons and the pre-

cautions. But, the Castle reached, the fortune of the day turned, and the French were not only thoroughly beaten, but driven back to their ships with great loss.

The island then had some breathing space until the next weak prince filled the throne, to wit, Richard II., when once again the French contemplated a raid upon England, with Wight for a starting-point.

But by this time intercommunication was in somewhat an advanced condition, and the consequence resulted that in addition to the regular defence of the island, which consisted of nine companies of militia, which therefore made nine hundred men-at-arms, reinforcements had arrived, not only from Southampton, but even from London.

And it must be admitted as a portion of the history of the Isle of Wight and the rest of England, that once again the French landed, and so successfully, that they destroyed, without impediment, the towns of Ryde, Yarmouth, and even Newport. However, the enemy was once again to fail before the walls of Carisbrook, which they very valiantly and persistently attacked.

It appears that the English waited for the enemy at Carisbrook, abandoning the destroyed towns with a readiness it is quite impossible to admire or excuse, and as upon the previous occasion, the invaders were driven back. But only after a vigorous siege and great losses; and their final overthrow was, in a great measure, due to the success of an ambuscade on the part of the islanders, who laid in wait for the enemy on their way to surprise the Castle at its weakest point, and were so fortunate in overcoming them, that the roadway in which the mass of the French fell, is emphatically called to this day "Deadmen's Lane," while the mound of earth raised over the slain, who were buried in a heap, gave a name to the hill,

the ground of which received them—that of Noddies Hill, to this day called Node Hill, though we confess we are at a loss to comprehend the appropriateness of the title.

However, the defeat of the French before the castle was not a final victory. They still remained masters of the island, the English continuing shut up in the castle, while the enemy were sufficiently powerful to levy a contribution amounting to one thousand marks, as a bribe for the preservation of the remaining towns. An oath was also demanded and obtained by the French, upon their quitting the island, that, should they return within twelve months, the islanders should hold them to be their masters.

The Gauls did not again show an appearance until the following century, when Henry V., plaguing France with his rash and ambitious wars, the French very naturally retaliated. The Isle of Wight, always a sufferer through tradition—possibly as much as position—once again was harried by the French hosts.

But by this time England was beginning to shape herself into a warlike power, and a presence in the face of Europe, for hitherto she had been regarded as only a second-rate power compared with France, Spain, and Austria, and much to the surprise of the Gauls, they were driven from the island, not only with great loss, but after relinquishing what little booty they had seized in the shape of cattle.

And this was the first occasion upon which the islanders had depended rather on themselves than their castle, in the face of an incursion into their garden island of an armed enemy.

A few years later the islanders were able to parley with an invading French force, and to offer the enemy fair fighting terms; for the French landing, and demanding a usual subsidy

in the name of Richard II., the islanders replied that Richard was dead, and his fair queen Isabella sent honourably back to France, there being no question of subsidy ; yet, nevertheless, if the French decided to try what they could do, they were at liberty to land to the last man before the fighting commenced, and then take six fair hours' rest and refreshment, when, if they would, French and English could have a set-to.

Never was warlike offer fairer than this; but the French were uncivil enough to decline the spirited invitation, bade the islanders a courteous good-day, and once more sailed southward.

Almost another century-and-a-half then passed before the French made another attempt on the little island. This event occurred in the reign of Henry VIII.; the islanders were by that time becoming too well organised to admit of much success, but they managed to land upon the island, and having seized all they could, and before the alarm had reached even Carisbrook, much less the main land, they beat a discreet retreat.

The islanders were now pleased to furnish themselves with war machinery, which we find described in the records of the island as "parochial artillery," a process which was effected by each parish faithfully subscribing one piece of light brass ordnance, to be held at the full disposal of the French, and this instrument was parochially kept either in the parish church itself, or in a small building expressly erected in its honour.

In these days we wonder at what appears to have been the uselessness of distributing cannon, or, as the archives have it, ordnance, over the island after the manner of a diaper, when evidently the more rational way would have been to keep gunnery upon the coast line. But it should not be forgotten

that every parish was for itself, and it could be no great comfort to Shalfleet if its ordnance helped to keep the French off Yarmouth, but at the same time drove their enemies farther up the coast, so as to enable them to swarm down from the Solent upon the village of Shalfleet itself.

No doubt the origin of the furnishing of this parochial artillery was based on the long-handed-down memory of the battle of Crécy, the success of which must have been due, in a considerable degree, to the novel use of cannon. The English prestige in relation to artillery, aided in the first place by the mysterious Friar Bacon, certainly remained known to the English and feared by the French until a comparatively recent period—that of Charles II. This king, being the paid vassal of Louis XIV., the consequent carelessness of the English Government, and the unequalled power of the French king, enabled our neighbours, who were at the time perpetually at war, temporarily to outstrip us. Perhaps it need not be said that since the days of Charles II. we have recovered position in the race of war and victory.

It is just possible that this provision of artillery was one of the very earliest attempts made systematically to defend the southern coast of England. It is said that towards the end of the last century, some sixteen or eighteen of these parochial protectors were still in existence, but in the reign of Victoria no man knoweth of their whereabouts.

Pennant, in his “Journey from London to the Isle of Wight,” says that the necessary result of this introduction of artillery was to make of many of the islanders excellent gunners. The parishes were liberal, for they provided carriages to the guns, and did not even expect the Government to pay for ammunition. Particular farms, or rather farmers, were also charged with the duty of finding horses to

drag these machines; though it must be admitted the requirements were not great, seeing that the ordnance was of very low calibre, some pieces being only as high as six-pounders, while others fell to the insignificance of one-pounders.

The defensive movement, having now very practically been initiated (we have no doubt by the Worley of that day), it began to assume royal dimensions, for Henry VIII. commanded the erection of the building politely called Yarmouth Castle, which still stands at the mouth of the Yar. The period of the erection of this remarkable edifice is that of the alliance between Henry VIII. and the Emperor Charles V. of Spain, a time when Henry had not discovered that his marriage with Katherine of Arragon was incestuous, an alliance which of course once more threw England and France into opposition. For Spain and France were the great continental powers, and England gave the supremacy of power exactly as she declared for one or the other.

In 1541-3, when the Spanish alliance had long since been blown to the winds, when the Spanish princess was dead, Anne Boleyn headless, Jane Seymour in the grave, Anne of Cleves divorced, and Catherine Howard gone to the block—when Henry had not only become the great tyrant of Europe, but was breaking in health and the power of enjoyment—he visited the island, making one of those royal progresses distinguished by the ruin of the gentry he honoured with his presence. Henry was the guest of Richard Worley, of Appuldurcombe, the then captain of the island, who was equally honoured and overwhelmed by his royal visitor. The King went to the island ostensibly to hawk, a sport he dearly loved while he could find a horse capable of carrying him.

This Richard Worley, a good man and true, who had readily fallen in with the scheme of the Reformation, held his

own as captain of the island through the remaining years of Henry VIII. and the weak short reign of Edward VI., when upon the accession of Mary Tudor he was dismissed in disgrace. It therefore need hardly be said that when Elizabeth ascended the English throne, Richard Worley once more became a man of power, who willingly acquiesced in the Queen's direction "to care for the increase of Harquebussey in the Island." The queen possessed, hereditarily perhaps from her father, some love of hawking, and she made it a matter of special trust to the governor, "that the hawks of Culver be not destroyed." In Culver Cliffs, at that time, was a breed of hawks, the remains of which are still to be found in Wight.

And now the island obtained a comparative rest, until the Spanish Armada threatened it, in common with the rest of the British sea coast. In our days we can have no conception of the enormous power Spain wielded in the sixteenth century; indeed, we may venture to assert that the Spanish maritime supremacy was far greater in that era, than now is, comparatively, our own in the nineteenth. For it must be remembered that if we possess a leading navy, both France and Russia are not unprovided with the means of sea warfare. But in the time of Elizabeth, the English marine was only budding into power. Indeed, it may be urged that the victory over what remained of the huge Armada after the great storm which almost annihilated it was the origin of the supremacy we enjoy.

The Spanish was the one fleet in existence, and it must not be forgotten that there was a large party in England which was still favourable to the ostensible cause for which the Armada was equipped—the assertion of Catholicism.

Sir George Carey was captain of the Isle of Wight at that momentous time, and there can be no doubt of his staunch

adherence to Elizabeth, for he was not only in favour at court, but he was a second cousin of the Queen's—his father, Lord Hudson, having been Anne Boleyn's nephew. Now Wight rose as one man, and put its forts, and parochial artillery, and strong men in order. Sir George himself appears to have been a man of much foresight—doubtless he had thoroughly at heart the dreary experience learnt by the islanders through many generations, that whenever England was threatened by an enemy it was always the Isle of Wight which was the first point to attract the invader.

The preparations appear to have been entered into with remarkable readiness by the Wighters. But Sir George was not popular with the gentry, and they construed these preparations into covert attacks upon themselves, and into implied doubts of their fidelity. Macaulay perfectly comprehended the growth of such a feeling, for that historian recognises that there remained much Catholic leaven in Britain, and which rose and demonstrated itself the moment Spain took active steps to oppose the Protestant religion in the United Kingdom, as she had previously only too effectually opposed it in the Netherlands.

Sir George Carey's manner was haughty and repellent. Whether this mode of conducting himself was the result of natural bias, or a consequence of his near relationship to the crown, it is quite beyond question that, while he created aversion amongst the insular gentry, after events in history prove that this feeling could not have been the result of a general tendency to sympathise with the Spanish attempt, but of veritable personal dislike to the man himself. The gentry even went the length of drawing up a petition of remonstrance to the Lords of the Council, by whom it was dismissed ignominiously.

The Wight gentlemen however were not easily thwarted, for upon intelligence of their defeat reaching them, they framed a forcible letter, which was addressed to Sir Christopher Hatton, the then Lord Chancellor, he who had, said scandal, been helped to the woolfack by the elegance of his manner and the frightfulness of his carriage.

The gentry, at the same time, in the most loyal fashion forwarded a letter to Sir George himself, containing the information that Sir Christopher had been written to. Carey answered the communication with more logic than courtesy.

The history of the dispute between Sir George Carey and the gentry of the isle remains to be written, should the materials ever be found upon which such a work could be accomplished. But looking back upon the evidence of fact, we are compelled to come to the conclusion that Sir George was practically right, and the gentry practically wrong. This conclusion is confirmed by the fact, that it was Elizabeth's policy, whatever might be her personal desire or dislike, to keep the right man in the right place. Sir George remained master of Wight long after the Armada panic, if panic the fear of that powerful fleet can be termed—a certain proof that his captaincy was good. And, indeed, we hear of no more complaints levelled at him. But there is other evidence of his good rule, and such as will at once go straight to the heart and comprehension of every Englishman. It is that given by Sir John Oglander, who in his memoirs offers good testimony in favour of Carey. He wrote no later after Elizabeth's time than within the first dozen years of James I.

“In Queen Elizabeth's time,” says Sir John, “money was as plenty in yeomen's purses as now in the best of the gentry; and all the gentry full of money and out of debt. The market, full of commodities, vending themselves at most high rates.

Prizes and men-of-war at the Cowes, which gave great rates for our commodities, and exchanged other good ones with us. If you had anything to sell, you should not have needed to have looked for a chapman, for you would not almost ask but have ; all things were exported and imported at your heart's desire ; your tenants rich, and a bargain would not stand at any rate. The State was well ordered ; we had in a good manner wars with Spain and peace with France ; and the Low Countrymen (Hollanders) were our servants, not our masters. Then it was *insula fortunata*, now it is *infortunata*."

Sir John, however, reserves the grand proof of the success of Carey's government, in connection with Elizabeth, as a final argument.

"I have heard," says Sir John, "and partly know it to be true, that not only heretofore there was no lawyer or attorney coming into our island, but in Sir George Carey's time, an attorney coming to settle in the island, was by his command, with a pound of candles hanging at his breech lighted, with bells about his legs, hunted out of the island ; inasmuch as our ancestors lived here so quietly and securely, being neither troubled to London nor Winchester, so they seldom or never went out of the island ; inasmuch as when they went to London (thinking it an East India voyage), they always made their wills, supposing no trouble like to travail.

"The Isle of Wight, since my memory, is infinitely decayed ; for either it is by reason of so many attorneys that hath of late made this their habitation, and so by futes undone the country (for I have known an attorney bring down after a term *three hundred writts*, I have also known *twenty nisi prius* of our country tried at our assizes, when as in the Queen's time we had not *six writts* in a yeare, nor *one nisi prius* in six

yeares) or else, wanting the good bargains they were wont to buy from men-of-war, who also vended our commodities at very high prices; and readie money was eafy to be had for all things. Now peace and law hath beggared us all, so that within my memorie many of the gentlemen and almost all the yeomanry are undone."

A few years later, about 1635, good old Fuller remarks that "the Isle of Wight hath no monks, lawyers, nor foxes!" But then he wittily adds, that the saying "hath more of mirth than truth in it!" Captain Grose observes, at a later period, respecting this self-same proverb, that "it was very improbable there should be a fertile, healthy, and pleasant spot without monks—a rich place without lawyers—and a country abounding with lambs and poultry of every kind without foxes!"

But all these witticisms about lawyers and monks, like most popular witticisms, are referable to a far earlier date than the seventeenth century.

Affuredly there is sufficient proof in the anecdote of the attorney to prove Sir George Carey's promptitude.

Sir John Oglander, on the contrary, appears in a weak position when he confounds the bustle of war and its over-demands, with the activity of peace and its over-supplies. There can be little doubt that the Isle of Wight grew in prosperity, in common with the rest of England, through that wonderful first half of the seventeenth century, when the people, who had hereditarily rested content upon the last national liberties accorded through the Reformation, were bracing themselves together to restrain the excessive powers of the Stuart kings. During the time of the Plantagenets, the people had a sort of rough power to control the king by reason of the fact that, to a certain degree, the soldier and the tax-payer were one and the same man. But the advance of

civilisation, which has always tended to divide labour, was in England, and in the seventeenth century, (as generally over the face of Western Europe,) separating the tiller of the soil from the soldier. Regular armies were drifting into shape, and the yeoman was taking alarm as he saw the gradual concretion of a new power, which had no interest in the State beyond the unselfish one of nationality, and whose service was devoted rather to the princes than to the people.

At the commencement of the outbreak between Court and Commons, Jerome, Earl of Portland, was Captain of the isle. It was his misfortune, as it was the mistake of many Cavaliers, during that terrible fight, to push forward the distinctive faults of the Cavalier as his peculiar dispositions, and simply because those faults broadly protested against the austerities held in theory, if not always put into practice by the Puritans, and upon which the opposite party naturally sought to throw ridicule. Portland at once threw himself into the most demonstrative form of the Cavalier, and so evidently, that the courtly Clarendon, mentioning the Earl in his history, concedes this much of blame, that he speaks of "his extraordinary vivacity."

Those of the islanders who held to the Puritan theory were outraged by the Earl's public conduct, and ultimately he was removed from the wardenhip. Clarendon, who is perhaps one of the fairest and most liberal of the Cavaliers who have written concerning the first parliamentary rebellion says:—"The Parliament threatened the Earl of Portland that they would remove him from his charge and government of the Isle of Wight (which last they did *de facto*, by committing him to prison without assigning a cause), and to that purpose, objected to all the acts of good-fellowship, all the waste of powder, and all the waste of wine in the drinking of healths, and other acts

of jollity, which ever he had been at, in his government, from the first hour of his entering upon it.”

But while many of the islanders applauded the removal of the vivacious Earl, others led by the gentry, with the greater part of whom cavaliership was a positive necessity, petitioned for his restoration to his post. At the same time a declaration of adhesion to, and faith in the Parliament, was forwarded.

But party spirit was rapidly rising far above compromise. Moses Reed, Mayor of Newport, declared firmly in favour of the Parliament, and boldly asserted that Newport was not safe while the Castle of Carisbrook, frowning above the town, remained in the possession of Colonel Brett and the Countess of Portland. This Colonel had been appointed commandant of the garrison by the King himself, while the Countess, calculating upon the interest still shown in her husband by those of the islanders who had signed the petition for the restoration to his post as Captain of the isle, had, instead of quitting Wight, taken refuge, together with her five children, in Carisbrook stronghold. With the peers, in this military sanctuary, were her husband's brother and sister.

And now the sanguinary troubles of the isle began. Wight was to play its part in the tragedy which ended in that final ghastly scene outside Whitehall.

The Commons were antagonistic to any shape of royalty, and having issued orders to the captains of all ships lying in the Medina to give the mayor full assistance, Moses Reed placed himself at the head of the Newport militia, and with his small force of landsmen, aided by about four hundred marine rather than naval auxiliaries, absolutely he marched upon the castle.

The events of that day afford a chapter in the history of the Isle of Wight which is most stimulating. Warfare has

always brought out examples of the utmost female courage and heroism. The history of the Isle of Wight is not destitute of a heroine. She was the self-imprisoned Countess of Portland, who appears to have put the past-named Colonel Brett completely in the shade.

The Mayor, summoning the castle to surrender, she advanced to parley. The condition of straits within the castle is a striking example of the utter unfitness of Brett for the command he held, and which he appears finally to have made illustrious by the resignation of his position to a guest; for the castle was provisioned for only three days, while it was most insufficiently garrisoned. No doubt such a short resistance might have been offered by the garrison as would have led to much loss on the popular side, but defeat was inevitable. It was simply a question of time.

The Countess advanced to the besiegers with an undaunted courage, a burning fusée in her hand, and demanded honourable terms as the basis of surrender, declaring that if they were refused she would defend the castle to the utmost, and would herself fire the first cannon.

There is no mention whatever made of the Colonel throughout these high proceedings. It is only charitable to suppose that he lay abed with a dire sickness.

No doubt Moses Reed was heartily glad to obtain possession under any circumstances which did not entail bloodshed. A compromise was at once effected, and not only was the castle given up, but the Countess stipulated that she should remain within it until the Commons had been consulted upon the question of her ultimate disposal. To be able to bring your enemy to terms, and then fearlessly to trust him, proves either that the limit of courage has been reached, or the borders of foolhardiness crossed.

In the castle the Countess remained a short space, when a parliamentary order arrived directing her expulsion from the island. And it is said that the poor woman had to take refuge in the charity of a few friendly seamen for the means of completing the flight of herself and family. She was quite destitute of means. It is such touches of humanity as these which make the history of misfortune not only endurable, but positively appetizing.

The possession of Carisbrook was soon followed by the seizure of every fort in the isle. The Commons followed up these acts by the advance to the post of governor of the Earl of Pembroke. This nobleman, neither unpopular on one side nor the other, was very cordially welcomed by gentry and yeomen upon his landing at Cowes.

And now there can be little doubt that Wight would have taken no further part in the rebellion had not the unfortunate Stuart, whose judgment always appears to have turned him upon the wrong path, been mad enough to seek refuge in the isle—as virtual a self-imprisonment as ever was accomplished, for a dozen coasting vessels could have effectively prevented any attempt at escape.

Jesse, in his remarkable “Court of the Stuarts,” endeavours to show that this movement on the part of the King was effected by the craft of Cromwell. But a rational investigation leads one to the inevitable conclusion, that if Cromwell could so sway the actions of Charles as to induce him to go into voluntary imprisonment, the Protector was abler than his best friend has endeavoured to prove him—the Stuart feeble than his worst enemy has painted that King.

The tale of Charles’s imprisonment in the island is better told in the history of Carisbrook Castle, of which it forms part, than here.

With the seizure of Charles and his removal to Hurst Castle, Carisbrook dies out of the history of England, as from that time forth castles for the most part became either mere residences or ruins.

From the date of the fall of Charles I., the wardens of Wight alighted upon peaceful times. William Sydenham was appointed in 1644, and after a reign of sixteen years the wardenship became once again aristocratic in the person of a nobleman with a very plebeian name, Lord Culpepper. But islanders are islanders all the world over, and are unwilling to bear oppression, if opposition will overcome it. The Lord was so overbearing in manner, or at best the islanders found him so, that an appeal was made for his removal—a request Charles II., with characteristic carelessness, completely overlooked. However, Culpepper showed himself sufficiently civil to resign. He was succeeded by Admiral Sir Robert Holmes, who had beaten the Dutch at a time when to gain a victory over the Dutch was the nearest way to English hearts. The islanders welcomed this gallant gentleman heartily. He went into the island to make it the land of his adoption. There he remained through more than a quarter of a century, and there, at Yarmouth, the good gentleman lies buried. He died in 1692, and was followed by an unpopular nobleman. Indeed, the peerage does not at any time appear to have succeeded in the wardenship. The new arrival was Lord Cutts; an appointee of William III. Being General of the Forces in Ireland, he was an absentee after a very short residence. The fact in no way enhances the fame of this warden that he became more popular after he left the island than when in it.

Dying in 1796, he was succeeded by Charles, Marquis of Winchester, afterwards Duke of Bolton. Of this nobleman the islanders never appear to have had a chance of judging, for

he was an absentee, and in his time the first appointment of a Lieutenant-Governor was made. The gentleman upon whom this honour was conferred was a Colonel Morgan, who received twenty shillings a day.

And now the governorship of the island changed hands with remarkable rapidity. Between 1707 and 1745 there were eight appointments, mostly aristocratic. The Marquis of Winchester being removed, General Webb was forwarded in his place, to be succeeded in five years by a distinguished soldier and statesman, William, Lord Cadogan. He was followed by Charles, Duke of Bolton, son of a former governor, and who was dismissed from all his public offices in 1733. The wardenship appears now to have remained permanently in aristocratic hands. John Viscount Lymington resigned in 1742, to be succeeded by the Duke of Bolton—once more in favour, and restored, amongst other attentions, to the wardenship of the island. The Duke, however, soon resigned, to be succeeded by another re-appointee, the Earl of Portsmouth.

He was succeeded, in 1764, by Thomas, Lord Holmes, who was followed by a commoner, Hans Stanley. But by this time a change of administration affected the wardenship of the island. Two years after the appointment, Stanley was removed, and then it reverted once more to the peerage and the Bolton dukedom, in the person of Harry, Duke of Bolton. Four years, and the Duke was pushed on one side in favour of Hans Stanley, whose party was again in power, and who gave the new governor a life-grant. It lasted no longer than an administration of that period; for, Stanley dying, the Duke of Bolton, once more, after an interval of two years, carried the day. And it will be remarked throughout these rapid changes how very little the comfort or requirements of the islanders formed items of consideration in the act of

appointment. After seven years, the Duke dying, the wardenship passed into the hands of one, who, though not a Duke of Bolton—being in fact the Right Honourable Thomas Orde—attained afterwards to that title.

Lord Malmesbury was the first governor of the present century, and with him the wardenship ceased. And what, it may be asked, was the basis of all these appointments and re-appointments? The answer is simple enough. The place was worth £1,500 annually, and there was nothing, or next to nothing to do. A very fortunate thing for the islanders it was that the post called for no work, or it would have been strangely accomplished.

Through that entire century of frequent changes in the governorship, there was only one appointment of a loyal and patriotic character. It may be noted in a line—not many before the present—that it was said, “the Duke of Bolton carried the day after an interval of two years.” It was during those two years the isle was under the control of its one really patriotic and local governor. For two years the warden was the Right Honourable Sir Richard Worsley, whose name is well and honourably known in the island.

The Worsleys had, through many generations, the family seat near Godshill. This village is one of the most picturesque in the isle, and one of the ancient parishes that existed before the compilation of Domesday Book. It contains one of the six churches given by William Fitz-Osborn to the Abbey of Lymington. The church, which is of Saxon architecture, stands on a steep hill.

A wild, yet not uncommon, tradition is told to account for the elevated situation of Godshill Church. The foundation was laid at the foot of the hill, and the men began to build there; but the next morning, on returning to their

labours, they found that all the stones and other materials had been removed during the night, and placed at the top of the hill. They recommenced their work below, still the next day all was gone. And this continued until they took the hint, built upon the spot indicated to them by invisible hands, and by so doing added much to the beauty of the scene.

Its elevated situation, however, has more than once exposed the church to danger. In January, 1778, it was struck by



GODSHILL.

lightning, which so injured the old building, that a portion fell in the following year.

In its tower are five bells and a clock. It contains many curious monuments, and some modern ones to the memory of the Worsleys. It is a vicarage, in the gift of Queen's College, Oxford, and joined to the rectory of Niton.

Appuldurcombe, the home of those worthies of the island,

the Worsleys, is usually derived from the British *Y pul dur y cwm*—"the lake in the hollow"—but the correct etymology is evidently *Apuldre-combe*, the valley of apple-trees.

A comparatively old account of Appuldurcombe says:—"The mansion itself, which stands on the site of a very old manor-house, is comparatively modern, having been begun in 1710 by Sir Robert Worsley (who left it in a very incomplete state), and finished by his grandson many years after. Here was written the history of the island, to which we have elsewhere referred. This book, which bears the name of Sir Richard, was in fact the production of three successive generations of the Worsleys. It was commenced by Sir Robert, who died in 1747; continued by his son, Sir Thomas; and finished and published by his grandson, Sir Richard, in 1781. The love of their native place, and the desire of illustrating it, laudably descended from father to son.

"The house of Appuldurcombe contains a choice assemblage of beautiful objects of art and antiquity to interest the tourist. There is a large collection of paintings, drawings, statues, and bassi-relievi. Some of the pictures, particularly the historical portraits, were in the old manor-house for many generations, and were presented to the Worsleys by the princes and great personages they represent.

"The sculptures and drawings were collected by Sir Richard, the last baronet, who, in the course of the years 1785-86 and '87, made an extensive tour through Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Turkey, and took with him able artists, who made the drawings and views of the most interesting places under his own inspection."

The glory of the house has now departed; yet, even in its denuded condition, it claims the tourist's admiration, from the beauty of its extensive grounds and the stateliness of the large

Corinthian pile, with its projecting wings, which crowns the head of the green and ample slope.

Wyndham said of this place:—"It is situated at some distance from the road, within the park, and, being built from the quarries of Portland, and unincumbered with adjoining offices, offers a magnificent object to the high road and to the hills above it, particularly when the rays of the sun are reflected from its beautiful stone."

Long after him, Knight remarked:—"The park is very famous, and it deserves its celebrity. It is very extensive for the island; the ground is considerably diversified, and there are noble views over the wide glades. Oak, elm, and beech-trees of stately size abound, and the plantations are well arranged. The park and the house are, in short, on a corresponding style of grandeur."

To return to the history of the wardens of the island. With the life of the Lord Malmesbury expired what of separate existence from Hampshire the isle still possessed. It merged into the municipal sway of a more powerful neighbour, an example of that modern policy which tends to breadth of control as in an earlier age it was an admirable example of the feudal form of government which distinguished its first Norman masters.

It became, what it remains, the garden ground, the plesance, the convalescent hospital of London and South-Eastern England—a little spot, which after having suffered more for its size than any other in England, during the wars between Church and State, and State and Commons, now finds its mission to be the assuagement of suffering and the endeavour to restore that health which has been injured by anxiety and the unhealthiness of town life. The Isle of Wight is a little gem set in the southern English sea.

Ryde.



HE approach to Ryde is perhaps the most delightful that the island affords—for Cowes appears broken, Brading is shut in, Yarmouth is round a corner, and Ventnor has no pier.

Rising from the shore, the town looks as though spread to be looked at, while the framing of foliage on right and left is very picturesque. Away to the west one can see the towers of Osborne, half nestling in woods, while to the east the shore shelves

away towards Brading.

A long, broad, handsome pier is this of Ryde, together with a tramway, well-managed and well-appointed, but the seating accommodation on the pier itself is of a strangely primitive kind, while the complicated financial arrangements at the turnstile are calculated equally to stir up one's astonishment and arithmetic.

Ryde is the base line whence the tourists issue to conquer a



RYDE, FROM THE PIER.

knowledge of the beauties of the island—and indeed, by very judicious management we may sweep over the whole of the north, east, south, and centre of the island, and yet sleep every night in Ryde itself—a rational proceeding, perhaps, when we may be called suddenly away, but one which is injudicious when time is wholly one's own. There is nothing more delightful than risking accommodation, and experimenting upon the fare and “wine of the country”—as Queen Mary's husband, Philip of Spain, called the huge goblet of beer offered him when he landed in England, and which he supposed it was imperative he should drink off.

It is an excitement to rest at a wonderfully discovered little rural inn—though certainly, in the Isle of Wight, the inhabitants cannot be condemned on the score of village ale-houses, for they do not appear to exist to any extent.

The hotels at Ryde are not any worse than at other watering-places, while indeed, they are said to be a little more considerate towards visitors than elsewhere. Ryde, however, is a colony of lodging-houses, and in the season it is one that seldom needs to call for settlers. In August, when the butterfly yachts swarm to Ryde, it is, indeed, difficult to find a place in which to lay the weary head. And yet, in spite of this wonderful popularity, of this influx of visitors, even in Ryde very primitive people are to be found. Not three years since, a benighted couple of tourists, houseless, bedless, and forlorn, were taken in by some honest people who knew nothing of lodgers, and who having bedded and breakfasted them for a week, did actually charge three shillings for the accommodation, and sixpence a-piece for each meal.

Ryde has felt the blessings of peace as thoroughly as any part of the United Kingdom. Immediately after the downfall of Napoleon, the Isle of Wight—which, during the long wars

between France and England, never could be prosperous in consequence of its position, and the success which might attend a landing—began to grow rapidly. In 1801—for we are going to weary our readers with a few, a very few figures—the population was under a thousand souls. In 1821, half-a-dozen years after the fall of the great Corsican, it had risen to nearly three thousand. In this year of grace (1868) the town owns to nearly ten thousand inhabitants in two thousand houses, exclusive of visitors.

Of course Ryde has a sort of municipality, but it is not burdened with a mayor. The Board of Commissioners consists of twenty-seven members, who go out once a year. Each commissioner must be worth £700, or be rated at not less than £20 per annum.

These commissioners lay out about £2,000 a year on the town, while the poor rate, some few years since, produced £1,500. Two or three more figures and we will leave them. The peace of the town is looked after by six constables and one sergeant, all of whom are remarkable for wearing the most frightful hats ever invented. Visitors are days before they grow accustomed to this head-covering, which is worn by individuals who apparently have a very easy time of it; for if the Isle of Wight in wild times has had to suffer, and suffer very severely, now that comparative peace has fallen upon Europe, the islet has its advantages—for your thieves, vagrants, gipsies, and other nomads love not a spot whence they can only escape by two or three gates. No man can hide in Wight; Charles Stuart, amongst others, made that discovery; and to escape from the place a fugitive must either hire a private boat, or endeavour to fly by one of the gates—which are three—Ryde, Cowes, and Yarmouth. All men going to or from the island pass by one of these points.

The consequence is that the lower thieving and begging fraternity, not being able to tramp into the land after their ordinary fashion, and the police keeping a very close watch upon the points of disembarkation, the isle is remarkably free from the plague of mendicity. And thus it is that you may walk from one end to the other and not meet a beggar: a great improvement upon all Kent, which county, during August, September, and October, owing to the hop-picking visitors, and the begging traditions which have swept down from the palmy days of Canterbury—then the metropolis of the Anglo-Roman Church—is so offensive, if not even dangerous, that ladies are virtually debarred from walking beyond the boundaries of the towns.

“Have you any gipsies in the isle?” we asked, at Newport.

“Well, sir,” was the answer, “gipsies have come, but somehow they have gone away again, almost as soon as they got here.”

This is of course the case, although the Zingari must know how much fine camping ground there is in the isle. The gipsy is incapable of resting in a land in which he knows his foot is limited to a poor stretch of under eight leagues. He must be able to walk off across two or three hundred miles, or he feels as though in a prison. Again, the Zingari are certainly given to thieving, and, as we have said, nature has aided the police so much in Wight, that—in a word, the gipsies are of a mind with the beggars and the thieves, and give the place a wide berth.

The police, therefore, have to confine their attention to occasional arrivals of the swell-mob (who set detection at defiance), and the settlement of occasional disputes of flymen and boatmen with those of their tourist customers who cannot submit to pay for the season without a little violent protest.

From Ryde coaches pour out upon the island, although the rail, which is now open to Ventnor, has overtaken and overthrown many of those horrid machines. It is also from Ryde that boats start for what may be called the circumnavigation of the island—a six hours' voyage.

That libraries, news-rooms, and bazaars abound in Ryde may be taken for granted. Nay, the town even boasts of a theatre, the usual wretched, bankrupt, out-at-elbows, and disreputable temple one finds nine times out of ten at every seaside resort. It was here that Edmund Kean and the people of Ryde had a difference. It was a something in his domestic arrangements which brought him into discredit, and confounding the man and the actor, by some means Edmund got hissed, the result being that the tragedian, who was playing Richard III., went the extreme length of intimating that his opinion of the people of Ryde was that they were donkeys.

No, the Theatre Royal Ryde is not a comfortable building. People will not go to it—in fact, people go out of town to escape from theatres. Possibly it would be quite judicious conduct on the part of the inhabitants of seaside towns to buy up the theatres and sell them for rubbish; such action would make the towns quite respectable.

The true theatre of the Isle of Wight is the theatre of nature. What need of a canvas garden when every square yard of the island is a series of lessons in botany? What need of a pasteboard castle, when there is wonderful Carisbrook to wander over? The isle is its own theatre, and laughs at that poor little rival perched on the hill, and pushing forward its bald face and haggard walls like some old coquette who will not understand that she is *passée*.

However, we must not forget that here Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated actresses of George IV.'s days, made her last appear-

ance in public—a great woman for so small a stage. She played on her way to France, seeking in that land, as many before her and since, the health which had abandoned her in England. With Mrs. Jordan's final appearance the Ryde theatre drifted into its present condition, in which it is only too likely to remain.

The pier, the chief charm of Ryde, is the natural result of the shallowness of the Ryde waters. Previous to its erection a short jetty was the only means of landing offered by Ryde to its visitors, who, did they arrive at low water, had at least the charm of choice as to one of two ways of reaching the shore, for at low tide the jetty was of no use. The option lay between going to shore in a cart, drawn by a steady old horse, or taking a sedan (the more aristocratic mode), borne by a couple of able-bodied amphibious bipeds. Each mode had its advantages and disadvantages. In the first case you felt that you and your luggage would not get an impromptu bath; on the other hand the sedan was dignified and select. But there was a great drawback in the fear that one or other of the marine runners might stumble, when, if the patient did not plunge violently forward into the sea, it would be because he obtained that refreshment on his back.

The pier began to grow in 1813, but before it had reached its present stretch, which is nearly half-a-mile, at the very start the construction engulfed 2,400 shares at £50 a share—£120,000.

The look-out from the head of the pier is delightfully varied. In shore are the reclining terraces of houses, white being the prevailing colour, the island stretching away on each side in wooded hills, capped at one point by the towers of Osborne, at another by the Nab Light. Away in front lies Spithead, generally with a frowning man-of-war motionless and gigantic

in the mid-way. Beyond is Portsmouth Harbour, looking much like a Dutch town; and farther still the blue line of Hampshire hills.

It was twenty years from the date of the completion of the pier before the esplanade was commenced (1856). However, modern engineers get through their work quickly, and the wall was soon completed. But it appears never to have become very popular, perhaps because it is so utterly wanting in shade. However, it gave a facing to the lower portions of the town, and it remains of great use as an example of general improvement.

To the left of the pier—over this esplanade, and looking towards the town—is the duver, or dover. It was once a stretch of sand; it is now a colony of houses, built for the greater part within the memory of some scarcely more than middle-aged. Many can prattle over their crockery mugs of beer of the ghaftly history with which it is connected.

Here, upon this spot, this dover, were buried scores upon scores of those who died in the *Royal George*, when that gallant ship went down. The vessel was outward bound, her complement on board, the decks crowded with visitors, many of them women taking leave of the men.

Here is the tale of the *Royal George*.

Previous to sailing, it was deemed necessary to examine the ship's bottom; and for that purpose she was laid on her side. This was done early in the morning of a fine day. The Admiral was writing in his cabin, and most of the people were between decks, when about 3 o'clock, p.m., an unexpected squall of wind threw her so much on her broadside that the flag at her mast-head dipped in the water; she then rolled over on the other side, her yard arms touching the sea; after which she righted, and sank in nearly an upright position.

A victualling vessel was alongside, which was swallowed up in the whirlpool caused by the sinking of so vast a body. Other small craft in the vicinity were much endangered, but escaped.

The ship was crowded with people from the shore, who were taking leave of their relatives and friends. It was estimated that three hundred visitors, including the wives and children of the sailors, were on board. The crew amounted to nearly nine hundred. The boats of the fleet saved many who had been on deck ; but the admiral, with several officers, and the greater part of the men who were below, sank with the vessel. Only three hundred were rescued. It was impossible to ascertain the exact number of souls on board at the time of the catastrophe, but it was calculated that nearly one thousand individuals were hurried into eternity.

Admiral Kempenfeldt was nearly seventy years of age, and was widely lamented. He was considered one of the first amongst naval officers for courage, judgment, nautical skill, and humanity.

The *Royal George* had had more flags hoisted in her than any other ship in the navy. She had been the flag-ship of our greatest commanders, and on the most important occasions. She also carried heavier metal and taller masts than any other vessel in the service.

The weather was scarcely to be called fresh. No suspicion of danger existed. All that ever can be known is, that there must have been some bad seamanship somewhere, that the ship went over, and that the busy naval nest was in a moment a seething mass of human beings hopelessly battling for life.

A few moments, and the pain of the sufferers past, that of the survivors began. The currents, combining with the prevalent winds, swept many scores of the bodies into the bay of

Ryde. The sea cast up her dead, and the Ryde people came down and buried them in heaps—in great heaps that marked the end of the tragedy. Readers will ask: “What, were these poor creatures buried like the bodies of animals, where they were found?” Yes. The present generation would be astonished to hear at comparatively how recent a date the law in no way provided for the interment of the bodies of poor drowned mariners cast upon the inhospitable shore. When the *Royal Charter* broke up, great was the tenderness displayed by the minister of the parish upon part of whose shore the dead were cast, and Charles Dickens has immortalised that Christian work. It was different at the time of the going down of the *Royal George*. The dead were cast upon Ryde beach, and buried where they were found.

Mrs. Robinson (*Perdita*) in her “Memoirs” has a tale very similar to that of Ryde dovor. She herself being at Brighton, which was then a fashionable watering-place, saw the body of a dead mariner lay upon the Brighton beach through two whole summer days. It was nobody’s business to bury the unknown, it lay with open eyes staring at the heartless world; and, finally, it was mainly by her exertions and expenditure that the remains of the poor mariner were laid in the ground.

And what became of the bones of the broad-chested men who had manned the *Royal George*—of them and their belongings who had come to take leave of the lads who were never to furl sail again?

“Why, sir,” says the long-shoreman, who is asked within sound of the summer waves, and over a white-and-blue mug of household ale—“Why, I’ve seen great lumps of bones dug up when they were making them foundations, over and over again, when I was a boy.”

So thus it is. The men of the rare *Royal George* going,

strong and healthy, out of port, to sweep the enemies of England from the seas are cheered, and hearty wishes go with them. But the crew drowned, the dead thrown upon the shore they oft failed from to defend, they are put in the ground a yard away from where the sea cast them up. And when the land is wanted, "great lumps of bones" are thrown up by the handy spade.

The history of the *Royal George* is taken up again, 1839.

In that year, Colonel C. W. Pasley, of the Royal Engineers, was employed by the Government to remove the obstructions which the ruins of this large ship occasioned in the most eligible part of the anchorage at Spithead.

Colonel Pasley's plan was to blow the huge ship to pieces with gunpowder. Cylinders of gunpowder were deposited by divers under the more exposed parts of the wreck, and then exploded by means of galvanic batteries.

Colonel Pasley commenced his operations in August and concluded them in November. The quantity of powder consumed during the various experiments was 12,940 lbs. Two series of explosions (in August and in September) took place, and Colonel Pasley states that altogether there were recovered from the wreck: "Twelve guns, five gun-carriages, one hundred beams and riders, or large fragments of them, exclusive of other timbers, planks, and copper, besides the cooking-place and boilers complete, the stem, and great part of the bows on each side of it, the two capstans, part of the main-mast, and all that remained of the foremast of the *Royal George*."

The Town-hall of Ryde is rather a useful than an ornamental architectural effort. However, it cost £5,000. Its right wing is devoted to the use of an institute and lecture rooms, its left wing to a market. The Town-hall proper consists of two rooms, which can be thrown into one for festive purposes.

The great fact of Ryde being its yachting, the Yacht Club House, west of the pier, is an important building. Of course it has a small battery looking seaward, far more useful than Yarmouth Castle; while its interior, being built for men who are generally London club-men, is very handsome and effective. The foundation-stone was laid by the Prince Consort, in March, 1846, a year after the establishment of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, which entering upon existence in May, 1845, at once obtained a guarantee of continuous good patronage and success by an Admiralty warrant permitting the Club to bear the St. George's ensign. The Club now numbers about eighty yachts, having an aggregate of nearly ten thousand tons. The entrance fee is five guineas, a similar sum being the yearly subscription. It is to this Club that Ryde owes the prestige of its annual regatta, which attracts all English yachtsmen who respect themselves, and many yachting foreigners, to Ryde in August. The regatta is of course exclusive, and therefore a balance is judiciously obtained by holding a few weeks later in the year a second regatta, especially for the encouragement of the Ryde boatmen. These are good seamen, by the way, but their efforts to uphold a protective tariff certainly tends not to the increase of their earnings. Boats lie idly tossing on the shallow water which might be at work, pleasantly dotting the scene, could but the stubborn boatmen fit down and calculate on a penny slate the comparative advantages of having a single crown customer, or ten two-shilling patrons.

Ryde has striven to be perfect in many ways. It possesses an arcade, the Royal Victoria. The Isle of Wight has also its Philosophical and Scientific Society, the head-quarters being at Ryde, which is represented by a very respectable collection of the antiquities and natural history of the island. However, it must be admitted that the peculiarity of all museums not

metropolitan—and even some of these do not escape—is to tend towards mildew, dust, and disarrangement, with startling rapidity. The Society numbers a hundred members. The Prince Consort, who was at all times more than willing to advance the interests of the little isle which the Queen made, and still makes, her home during the greater part of the year, was one of the most influential members of the association.

Here is the report of the annual excursion of this Society, for the year of grace 1868. “The annual excursion took place on Wednesday (the 2nd of September). The members assembled at the Old Town-hall of the ancient borough of Newtown, formerly Francheville, at half-past twelve, whence they proceeded to visit the extensive oyster beds in the Clamerkin Lake, where, through the kindness of Sir John Simeon, Bart., the process of raising oysters was excellently explained by the chief overseer. The party on its return to Newtown perambulated, under the direction of the Rev. E. Kell, F.S.A., the boundaries of the ancient town, which was of a rectangular form, 500 yards long and 150 broad. The streets parallel to each other were Gold-street and High-street, intersected at right angles by Broad-street, Church-street, and Bowling-green-street. The street on the south was distinctly marked by a hedge-row, but had fallen into entire disuse. The other streets are now either roads or green lanes. About twelve cottages are sprinkled over the site of the ancient town. A plan of the town, which is girt on two of its sides by the Newtown Clamerkin Lake, was explained by Mr. Kell. The members then assembled at Swainstone, the beautiful seat of Sir John Simeon, and partook of a substantial lunch, after which Mr. Benjamin Barrow, of Ryde, the president of the society, proposed the healths of Sir John and Lady Simeon, with thanks for their hospitable entertainment, which was

most cordially proffered. Sir John Simeon, in responding, expressed in the course of his remarks his satisfaction at the proposed establishment of an Island Museum at Carisbrook Castle. The company, about thirty, then adjourned to the capacious hall, where a paper was read by the Rev. E. Kell, on the Roman origin of Newtown. Sir John Simeon exhibited and explained various ancient charters of the borough, of Edward II., Queen Elizabeth, and other monarchs, granting special rights and privileges to Newtown. He showed a beautiful map of the family estate executed in the time of Charles I., and other interesting documents connected with the ancient borough. The exceeding fineness of the day contributed not a little to the enjoyment of this very successful excursion of the society."

Ryde is exceptionally healthy, even for the glorious Isle of Wight, which is the more remarkable because in all probability the beach, from its flatness, is less healthy than that or any other sea-side colony in the island. We have no doubt Dr. Farr would attribute this enviable condition of things to the purity of the water supply, a condition which it appears contributes far more to health than the removal of refuse and the purity of the atmosphere. The Ryde waterworks are at the foot of Ashey Down, four miles from Ryde, the great plateau whose surface supplies the water demand. The municipal determination to obtain good water, a determination no doubt founded on the knowledge that the badness of the water has helped to ruin many a sea-side place—Herne Bay for example, where the washing water has been often strained through a towel before the conscientious visitor could wash in it—was not staggered by the expense. The commissioners appear to have foreseen that a good water supply would prove a good investment in the fulness of time. The anticipation has

been realised. These works, for so small a town, cost a large sum, £22,500—nearly fifty shillings per head for all Ryde. The reservoir is two hundred and fifty feet above low water mark.

Ryde is plentifully provided with places of worship. There are three Church of England chapelries in the town, for the parish church is still at Newchurch, where it stood when Ryde was represented by two or three fishermen. Mr. Davenport Adams, speaking of these in his voluminous guide-book to the isle, says, "The oldest of these chapels is St. Thomas's," whose useful steeple affords a conspicuous landmark, "the ugliest is St. James's," while "the latest and handsomest is the Church of the Holy Trinity."

The Romanists have a very handsome chapel dedicated to St. Mary, in the High Street. The choir is remarkably good—indeed its choral services form an item in the attractions of Ryde. Quite a fashionable throng pours out at the completion of a summer afternoon's service.

In Doomsday Book, Ryde is called *La Rye*, or *La Ruhe*. It was burnt down more than once, and was razed by the French in the reign of Edward II. In later times it was one of the centres of the watch and ward of the isle, and one of the three favoured ports to which all communication with the main land was restricted. It was only towards the close of the last century that the town began to look up. It was some years before this time, in 1753, that Fielding, then dying, rested at Ryde, when leaving England for the last time. "Between the sea and the shore," he gaily writes, "there was at low water an impassable gulf, if I may so call it, of deep mud, which could neither be traversed by walking nor swimming; so that, for one-half of the twenty-four hours, Ryde was inaccessible by friend or foe. I was, therefore, rowed in a small

boat as near the shore as possible, and then taken up by two sailors, who waded with me through the mud in a chair, and at last placed me on dry land." Some time after Fielding's death the wherries came in as far as they could, and were met by a horse and cart, which took out the passengers and carried them through the mud and water to the beach.

Fielding tells how he found only one butcher in the town, "but he was a very good one, and killed all sorts of meat in season; beef two or three times a year, and mutton all the year round."

"The situation of the town," he exclaims, "is most delightful, and is the most pleasant spot in the whole island. It is true it wants the advantage of that beautiful river which leads from Newport to Cowes; but the prospect here extending to the sea, and taking in Portsmouth, Spithead, and St. Helen's, would be more than a recompense for the loss of the Thames itself, even in the most delightful parts of Berkshire and Buckinghamshire." Farther on he adds: "This pleasant village is situated on a gentle ascent from the water, whence it affords that charming prospect I have above described. Its soil is a gravel, which, associated with its declivity, preserves it always so dry, that immediately after the most violent rain a fine lady may walk without wetting her silken shoes. The fertility of the place is apparent from its extraordinary verdure, and it is so shaded with large and flourishing elms that its narrow lanes are a natural grove or walk, which in the regularity of its plantation vies with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberancy greatly exceeds it."

The environs of Ryde are as pastoral as Goldsmith's deserted village. Here is to be found no sublimity, no grandeur, but smiling meadow land—land looking lovely in the sunlight, wretched in the rain. The woody slopes dip to the inland valley,

while every hedge-row is alive with starry flowers. As for the fine primroses, we have already mentioned their supremacy. "This island ought to be called Primrose Island, if the nation of cowslips agree thereto," says Keats. But shall we confess that to our ears the island lacks the song of birds? Whether it is that the islanders have, from a mistaken policy, destroyed them, or whether the once famous hawks of Culver thinned its feathered songsters, Wight is not remarkable for singing birds. Keats, Shelley, and many others have written in prose or sung in verse of the island, but not one of the poets has a word to say of its birds—the land, the sea, the cliff, and especially the flowers, having engaged their chief attention. Sings Shelley:—

"In a dell mid lawny hills,
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine."



Brading.



RADING is a market town, four miles from Ryde, and double that distance from Newport. The town may be described as one long street. The original grant strictly enjoined that the weekly market day should be Wednesday, but by some means the market is now held on a Monday.

The town is governed by a senior and junior bailiff, chosen annually, a recorder, who holds office for life, and thirteen jurats. The common seal is encircled with the motto, "The Kyng's Towne of Bradynge." The earliest existing charter granted to Brading was engrossed in the reign of Edward VI. It is, however, necessary to state that this expressly refers to earlier charters.

Brading possesses an old Town Hall, over an old Market House, neither of which is used. In the Market House may be still seen a pair of stocks, which, however, have not been in operation for a long time. In Brading are to be found some of

the very oldest houses in the isle, so old that they retain evidences of the time when England was "merry England." Dotting the exterior of several are to be seen the rings once used upon festival days to support the tapestry decorations to which our forefathers were so partial. Another evidence of the kind of sports and pastimes in which our ancestors delighted takes the shape of an iron ring in the ground, marking the spot where once upon a time bull-baiting attracted the king's lieges. In a lane at the bottom of the hill is the rustic dwelling of Legh Richmond's celebrated "Young Cottager," whose simple grave may be found in the south-east corner of the old churchyard.

Brading lies at the base of the emerald-toned and lofty Brading Down, and is surrounded by the woods of Nunwell. The great feature of the town is the Haven. Brading Haven, at high water, is an extensive lake; but at low water the mud banks, and the crawling Yar in its midst, form by no means a pleasant prospect. The haven covers more than 830 acres, and therefore it need not be said that the level being so very little below that of the neighbouring fertile land, the practical farmers and land owners of the district have always looked with regret upon so large a tract remaining a waste expanse of mud. Many attempts have been made to reclaim it. So early as the time of Edward I. Sir William Ruffel, of Yaverland, snatched a little of the land from the grasp of the sea, and the first Yar Bridge was erected. In 1562 another plot of land was recovered, and in 1594 a third. The chief attempt, however, was made by brave Sir Hugh Myddleton—him to whom we owe the New River, and the general healthiness of the North District of London. This hardy engineer was aided by Sir Bevis Thelwell, who gave £2,000 for a grant Henry Gibbs had obtained from James I. Under Sir Hugh's

direction, an embankment across the narrow mouth of the harbour was commenced in the December of 1620, and the works were carried on vigorously and successfully for two years, by which time they were completed. The fertile land was now cultivated, farm-houses were to be seen dotting the land thus rescued from the sea, and roads were made. But at the expiration of eight years (1630), the sea broke through the embankment and swept away all. From that time up to the present, no engineer has been bold enough to undertake banking out the sea from Brading Harbour. But if the plough has not again been set to work over Brading Haven, modern thought and ingenuity have within the last few years discovered a means of turning it to most valuable account. The ordinary agricultural farming cannot be applied, but oyster-farming pays more per acre than the former; and experience leads those who have been associated in the enterprise to the conclusion, that in a few years oyster-farming in Brading Haven will be a very profitable investment. So far, all that has been done has been but tentative, and large expenses have been incurred; but at the last meeting of the gentlemen interested in this industry, sufficient evidence was forthcoming to prove, that in a few years Brading Haven will be far more remunerative as an oyster-farm than it could be made by any other means.

Thorne speaks very pleasantly of the queen's town of Brading:—"From the mouth of the harbour you see a really noble lake, embayed between hills of moderate elevation, which are covered pretty thickly with trees, in many places down to the very edge of the water. Along the banks and on the sides of the hills are scattered many neat houses, and a church or two, and the head of the lake is surrounded by a lofty range of downs; whilst the surface itself, of a deep azure hue, glitters with numerous glancing sails, and is alive with hundreds of

silver-winged sea-gulls. To one who has not seen, or can forget, a lake among the mountains, this will, if seen under favourable aspects, appear of almost unsurpassable beauty; to every one it must appear very beautiful. An hour or two should be devoted to a sail upon it. The views from the surface are very varied; those looking northward derive much beauty from the way in which the sea, with its ships, and the distant shore, mingle with the lake. The view from the head of the harbour is, especially at sun-set, eminently picturesque and striking. Close by the mouth is the old tower of St. Helen's Church. The church itself has long been destroyed; but the tower has been strengthened, and made to serve as a sea-mark."

The Corporation of Brading still pays an annual fine, or fee-farm rent, into the Exchequer, amounting to four marks—£2 13s. 4d. Their revenue is to a large extent derived from certain dues on shops and trades, assessed according to ancient charter.

Brading Church is supposed to have been erected soon after the Conquest, but independently of its claims as an object of antiquity, it deserves notice from having been for many years the scene of the pastoral labours of the late Rev. Legh Richmond. The admirers of that interesting author who visit the island should procure his cheap and elegant little hand-book to the scenery, described in the "Annals of the Poor," entitled, "The Landscape Beauties of the Isle of Wight."

Brading Church is considered the oldest in the island. It is chiefly transitory Norman in style. It consists of a chancel, nave, and side aisles; each with a small chapel at the end. The building exhibits fragments of architecture of almost all the Gothic styles. The small chapel at the east end of the south aisle, beyond a screen, is the burial-place of

the Oglanders, those worthies of the isle. The church is dedicated to St. Mary, and it retained until lately, sovereignty over the parishes of Yaverland and Shanklin, which were compelled to bury their dead here. The church is distinguished for its brasses, epitaphs, and weather-cock, which is a full-tailed barn-door fowl.

It was to an epitaph in this churchyard of Brading that Dr. Calcott, while on a visit at St. John's, gave prominence, by setting it to music in the form of a glee, which has since become household. The epitaph, on a certain Mrs. Berry, whose grave is near that of her husband, is as follows :—

“Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stay'd thy progress to the seats of bliss.

“No more confined to grov'ling scenes of night—
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay ;
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.”

There is also another epitaph to the husband :—

“It must be so—our father Adam's fall
And disobedience brought this lot on all.
All die in him, and hopeless should we be,
Blest Revelation, were it not for thee.
Hail, glorious Gospel! heavenly light, whereby
We live in comfort and in comfort die ;
And view in that bright world beyond the tomb
A life of endless happiness to come.”

Neither copy of verses is sufficiently poetic to justify its popularity on its own merits. Of Mr. and Mrs. Berry nothing is known beyond the fact that the husband was an exciseman.

These epitaphs are ascribed to the pen of the Rev. W. Gill, once curate of Newchurch. All the evidence is uncertain beyond the fact that the first is a plagiarism of Mrs. Steele's lines on the death of the Rev. James Hervey.

A more touching epitaph is that by Legh Richmond, written upon Jane, the young cottager, whose memory forms one of the pastoral chapters of the history of Brading:—

“Ye who the power of God delight to trace,
And mark with joy each monument of grace,
Tread lightly o’er this grave as ye explore
The short and simple annals of the poor.

“A child reposes underneath this sod,
A child to memory dear, and dear to God;
Rejoice, but shed the sympathetic tear—
Jane, the Young Cottager, lies buried here.”

A far more charming and poetic effusion, however, is the following, inscribed on the tomb of an infant:—

“This lovely bud, so young, so fair,
Call’d hence by early doom;
Just come to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise would bloom!”

The brasses at Brading are also worth attention. Near the communion-table is to be found a brass, once inlaid with silver, representing a knight, his feet guarded by two dogs. The inscription is as follows:—

“*Hic jacet nobilis vir Johannes Cherowin armiger. dum vivebat. Con-
nestabularius Castri de Porcestre. qui obiit . anno domini millesimo
quadringesimo quadrag^{to} primo . die ultima mense Octobris . anima ejus
requiescat in pace. Amen.*”

“Here lies a noble man, Sir John Cherowin, in life, Governor of Porchester Castle, who died in the year of our Lord, 1441, on the last day of October. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.”

In the Oglander chapel are to be found altar-tombs to the memory of Sir William Oglander, and his son Sir John Oglander, which charitable gentleman died in 1655. Their effigies are in wood. There is also a memorial of the death of Sir John’s eldest son, a loyal cavalier, who breathed his last in exile.

The Church of Brading, of course, has its grotesque aspect. Here, for instance, is an epitaph written in deep earnestness, but which must excite a smile :—

“ When she afflicted was full sore,
Still with patience it she bore,
And oft to the Lord did say,
‘ The Lord have mercy on me, I pray ;
And when her glass was fully run,
She closed her eyes without a groan.”

The register, which dates from 1547, contains this very singular entry :—“ *Burials*, Novemb. y^e 20th, 1677. Jowler (alias) John Knight, of Merton, whoe, rather than he would be charitable to himselfe (when he was capacitated), liv’d like a miserable wretch on y^e publick charity. He liv’d in a p’petuall slavery through feare and suspicion, and punish’d both his back and belly to fill his purse. He soe excessively idolized his poore heap of muck y^t it was death to him to think of parting. He was allwaies soe afraid of want, or y^t he should dy as he had allwaies liv’d, a beggar, y^t he dar’d not use wh’t he had for his oune wellbeing, but liv’d and died with his beloved bagg in his nearest embraces ; and at length, y^t he might pay his utmost homage both by life and death to his greate god Mammon, he voluntarily sacrificed himself, and even dyed to save charges.”

Yaverland is about a mile-and-a-half from Brading. Yaverland Church is supposed to have been erected in the twelfth or thirteenth century ; and it was here that Legh Richmond made his first attempt to preach extempore, and completely failed ; though he was afterwards celebrated for the power and eloquence of his extemporaneous discourses. This interesting spot is graphically described by Mr. Richmond, in “ The Dairyman’s Daughter.” It is pleasantly situated on a rising bank at the foot of a bold chalk hill, and, being surrounded by trees, has a rural and retired appearance. Close to the church-

yard stands a large and ancient mansion, which was formerly the residence of an opulent and a titled family, which has long been appropriated to the use of the estate as a farm-house. It still retains considerable traces of ancient grandeur, and gives a pleasing character to the spot of ground on which the church stands. In every direction, the roads that lead to this edifice possess distinct and interesting features. One of them ascends between several rural cottages from the sea-shore, which adjoins the lower part of the adjacent hill, and another leads to the church by a gently rising approach between high banks covered with trees, bushes, ivy, hedge-plants, and wild flowers."

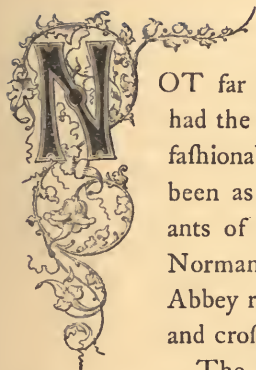
Bembridge Down should also be visited when the tourist is at Brading. It caps Culver Cliffs, whence perhaps, the island is seen at its best. An author, who, when writing of the isle, wrote with a love for every nook and hill it possesses, says:—"At the West end of the Culver Cliffs, and thirty feet below their summit, is 'The Hermit's Hole;' a cavern which penetrates about twenty feet into the rock. There is a path leading to it, but so steep, rugged, and dangerous, that only the most venturesome would attempt to descend. Nor is there anything in the cavern to compensate for the danger and difficulty incurred in reaching it. These cliffs are much resorted to by gulls and pigeons. From the latter they received their name, *culppe* being the Saxon word for pigeon."

Nor should the tourist forget to visit Afhey Down, one of the highest points in the island. No words better than Legh Richmond's can describe the view from this elevated position. He says:—"Southward the view is terminated by a long range of hills (Shanklin, Wroxall, and Appuldurcombe) at about six miles distant. They meet to the westward another chain of hills, of which the one whereon I sit forms a link, and the whole together nearly encompasses a rich and fruitful valley

filled with corn-fields and pastures. Through this vale winds a small stream for many miles ; here and there lesser eminences arise in the valley, some covered with wood, others with corn and grass, and a few with heath and fern—one of these hills is distinguished by a church (New Church) at the top, presenting a striking figure in the landscape. Villages, churches, country seats, farm-houses, and cottages are scattered over part of the southern valley. In this direction also appears an ancient mansion (Kingston) embellished with woods, groves, and gardens. Southward is a broad expanse of ocean, bounded only by the horizon. More to the east, in continuation of the chain of hills on which I am sitting (Ashey), rise two downs—Brading and Yaverland hills—one beyond the other. Both are covered with sheep, and the sea is just visible over the farthest hill as a terminating boundary. At this point are seen ships, some of which are sailing, and others laying at anchor. Westward the hills follow each other, forming several intermediate and partial valleys, in undulations like the waves of the sea, and bending to the south complete the boundary of the larger valley I have described, to the southward of the hill on which I sit. One hill alone, St. Catherine's, the highest in the island, and about ten miles to the south-westward, is enveloped in a cloud which just permits a dim and hazy sight of a signal-post, a light-house, and an ancient chantry on its summit."



Quarr Abbey.



NOT far from Ryde is Quarr Abbey, which once had the distinction, in its palmy days, of being fashionable—fashion in monastic life having been as powerful as elsewhere. The descendants of the trees which shadowed the Abbey in Norman times still fill in what remains of the Abbey ruins, and make it full of sweet shadows and cross-lights.

The Abbey was one of the earliest of which England could boast, and owed its existence to the beneficence and piety of a lord of the isle, Baldwin de Redvers. The building was ready for peopling in 1132-3, and soon a posse of Benedictine monks from Savigni, in Normandy, took possession. The Abbey was dedicated to the Virgin, perhaps owing to its establishment being so near the sea. And this dedication it was, which probably led to the more familiar title bestowed by the monks upon the Abbey—that of “La Fille de Savigni.”

The fashion of this Benedictine abbey was soon quite settled. It became the mode for the knights and gentlemen of

the island generally, to patronise the establishment, while it was part of the very duty of the lord of the isle to be its fostering friend. The monastic system was not averse to the acquisition of lands, and Quarr Abbey soon grew rich, and possessed estates at Shalfleet, Chale, Shorwell (one of the most fertile bits in the isle), Compton, and Luccombe. At many other points the monks held land, while at Binstead itself, a large piece of the parish was attached to the Abbey. No doubt the charity bestowed by Quarr was equal to the demand made upon it. Nobody has ever doubted the liberal-handedness of the Abbots in dealing with the poor, nor must it be forgotten that these estates were wrested from the fears or liberality of the rich Norman conquerors who had received their lands through William I.

In 1340 the Abbey was strongly fortified against the attacks of the French, and the walls around it pierced with loopholes. A portcullis, erected where a door or sanctuary should have stood, annihilated all the peaceful religious aspect which must have been the charm of a monastery, as it was the end of its establishment.

And exactly as the temporal power of the abbots of Quarr shut out its spiritual strength, so riches and vanity got into the very graves of the patrons of the Abbey, who elected to be buried within its military walls. The simple placing of the dead body of the monk in the square of ground surrounded by the cloisters, was a habitude at Quarr which faded with its poverty. When William de Vernon came to be buried here, it was found that he had left the equivalent of nearly five thousand pounds sterling of the money of to-day to buy him a tomb.

By this time the abbot of Quarr was the equal in power with the lord of the isle. But retribution was hovering over

the Abbey as over every monastic establishment in England. The rats had undermined their own dwelling-places. Almost the last magnificence of Quarr was the reception and interment, in 1507, of the remains of Lady Cicely, a daughter of Edward IV. By the commencement of the sixteenth century, riches and fashion had hopelessly perverted Quarr Abbey from all its original purposes. Nay, we hear little even of its charity—a partial compensation which the monks have always been ready to offer. Sixteen abbots had Quarr, from its rise to its fall. This gives an average to the reign of each abbot of nearly a quarter of a century, but Abbot Walter, elected in 1323, found the abbotry so good that he held it no less than fifty-five years.

When the shadow of the Reformation was falling upon Quarr, its rent-roll was equal to £2,000 a year of our money. By this time the power of the pen had been directed against Quarr. Lambard very early in the sixteenth century had cast a shaft at it. "Although," he says, "Paulus Jovius wrote that the inhabitants of this island be wont to boast merely that they neyther had amongst them monks, lawyers, wolves, nor foxes, yet I find them all, save one (the lawyers), in one monastery, called Quarr, valued at 134 pounds of yearly revenue, and founded in the year 1132, after the order of Savigniac in France."

Came Henry VIII., and down went abbey, abbot, and monks; the building was given up to decay, the inhabitants turned out to find bread as best they might. Fortunately the men of Quarr were men of family, and therefore, in all probability, the ejected monks did not die in the bye-ways as many religionists did, absolutely of starvation.

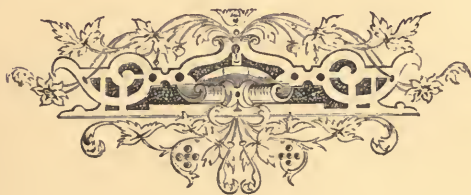
Commerce swept over quiet old Quarr. Two wealthy merchants, brothers, named Mills, called the place theirs, and

did what they liked with their own. What they liked was to turn its refectory into a barn, its chapel into a stable, and so was an end of the mighty Abbey of Quarr. A bit of wall, a few windows, and a couple of doorways are, all that is left of an institution which was established in charity and died in luxury.

In 1857 a road was being made close by the few stones which may be called the Abbey ruins, when the men found an impediment which—but let us quote the paragraph that appeared in the *Isle of Wight Observer*:—"Three small stone boxes or chests, each chest being about two feet in length and one foot wide, were discovered. They were placed side by side,—two of them nearly close together, and the third a foot or two to the south. Upon removing the heavy stones of which the lids were composed, three human skeletons in a good state of preservation were found. The leg and arm bones were on either side, the ribs and small bones in the centre, and the skulls at the western end, the latter being in all three cases turned upside down. It was evident these remains had been removed at some time or other from the place of their original burial, and that they were of persons of distinction was beyond doubt, or such care would not have been bestowed upon them."

And now antiquarians had a chance. The bones were found to be (1) those of an aged man, (2) of an aged woman, and (3) of a stalwart man of forty years. Is there any probability in the happy suggestion that these were the remains of Baldwin de Redvers, his fair lady, and their son? It may be so. One can imagine that in the course of a century or two, the walls of the Abbey failing near the founder's grave, the masons were set to work, the crumbling bones of the founder, his dame, and their son were reverently collected, put into stone boxes, and carried near the chancel for burial.

A little legend and superstition hangs about Quarr, by the way. From what ruined abbey is superstition wholly absent? The tales told of Quarr seem to have an origin similar to the treasure myths of Bretagne, and may have come to England in the wake of the Normans, the neighbours when at home, of those people of Brittany, who to this day hope, almost to a man, to become rich by the discovery of hidden treasure. At Quarr this treasure, according to one tradition, takes the shape of a subterranean passage, closed by a golden gate; while in the other it is a golden coffin, which contains the body of Eleanor of Guienne, consort of Henry II., who was imprisoned here, and tradition says, was buried in a wood south of the Abbey, and which is still protected from discovery by magical spells. What remains of this wood is to this day called Eleanor Grove.



East and West Cowes.



OWES began on the west, and taking in the east, anciently called Shamlord, gave its name to the new town, and thenceforth the colony of houses was divided into West and East Cowes by the river Medina, which, in its relation to the town, well deserves its name.

An author writing in 1808 says:—"This town, which is pretty large and populous, stands on the declivity of a hill on the west side of the river Medina, where it empties itself into the sea. Hence its easy access either from Portsmouth or Southampton. The lower parts of the town are narrow, irregular, and crowded. Here is a considerable trade carried on in every kind of provision, so that vessels may supply themselves with ease when destined to the remotest climes. The elevated parts of the town are delightful, boasting purity of air, and all the charms of a variegated prospect. Not only gentlemen of the navy are partial to the spot, but many of the nobility and gentry reside here during the summer season."

The author goes on further triumphantly to state that to such a pitch of civilization has Cowes reached, that a vessel can be had to take a traveller to Portsmouth for ten shillings, a sum which will now carry him to London, and in very little more time than it then required to reach Portsmouth.

Cowes, like Ryde, suddenly rose into favour, as inland baths went out of fashion, and the sea-side was declared by the faculty to be the most curative spot for the invalid. In ten



COWES.

(From a Painting, by permission of Messrs. BROWN & WHEELER.)

recent years Cowes increased its population by one fourth. It has no independent municipal existence, but is included in the borough of Newport. It has however, a local board, whose members are elected by the ratepayers.

Cowes Harbour is the estuary of the Medina (here half a mile across), combining with the Solent Sea. Commodious, admirably sheltered, and capable of admitting vessels of heavy

tonnage, its importance was very soon recognised. Indeed, Cowes is the one point on the island which has anything like the appearance of a serious maritime existence. The customs now levied annually in this port amount to nearly £4,000.

West Cowes Castle was one of the round forts built by Henry VIII., after his rupture with Spain, and when the threat of a Spanish invasion, which was only attempted in the reign of his daughter Elizabeth, gave some uneasiness to the country.

Like most other castles built for the defence of a district, it ultimately came to be a state prison, and in the time of Cromwell this was the only use to which the building was applied. Here was confined Davenant, the playwright, the first man to introduce opera into England. After the restoration, West Cowes Castle, in common with the other strongholds of the island, became valueless. In 1781 the "Castle" garrison consisted of a captain at ten shillings a day, and half-a-dozen gunners. Gradually the castle fell into disuse. But in our time it has been turned to account; for in 1856-7 it was sold to the Royal Yacht Club, who at once set to work and made it for the first time during its existence perfectly charming.

The chief dockyard and shipbuilding establishment is that of the Messrs. White, whose fame is world-wide, and who have built for every civilised navy in the world. The swiftest yachts upon the seas have been launched from their yards, where more than four hundred men are employed throughout the year.

With yachts and seamen swarming at Cowes, it need not be said that the streets, narrow and hilly, partake to a large extent of that oil-skin and ship-upon-shore character which is common to all such localities. However, the outskirts reached, many open and pleasant roads at once greet the eyes.

To the Royal Yacht Club Cowes owes very much of its

prosperity. At its foundation, in 1812, the Club consisted of 42 members. Here is its condition in 1840:—"There are now 157 members, viz., 3 dukes, 3 marquesses, 12 earls, 3 viscounts, 7 lords, 18 baronets, 7 honorables, 14 M.P.'s, 1 lieutenant-general, 6 colonels, 1 major, 5 post captains, and 77 esquires—and 102 yachts of different sizes, from 30 tons to 451 tons; total tonnage, 9,632, employing upwards of 1,300 seamen, beside shipwrights, joiners, sail-makers, &c.

"Any gentleman, being the *bonâ fide* owner of a British yacht of 30 tons, or upwards, is eligible to become a member: there are four balloting days in the year, viz., on the second Saturday in May, at the Thatched House Tavern, London; on the second Friday in July, on the second Friday in August, and on the first Friday in September; the three last at the R.Y.C. House, Cowes.

"There are 502 honorary members, consisting principally of admirals and captains in the royal navy.

"The members pay an entrance fee of £15, and a subscription of £8 annually. The honorary members pay no subscription, except they use the house and reading room, and then £1 per year: they are allowed to board and lodge in the house, the same as the members, except between the 15th and 25th of August. Each member can introduce a friend to the house for fourteen days; and if longer, the member must renew his friend's name in the visitor's book at the end of each term; the member's friend so introduced has the use of the library, reading room, and house, gratis."

Since 1840 the importance of the Club has wonderfully augmented. It now includes nearly 200 members, possessing seven score yachts, and giving employment to nearly 2,000 seamen. No yacht under thirty tons is enrolled in the Club.

The annual regatta is one of the events of the season, drawing nearly all English yachting men to the isle in August, and attracting year after year a greater number of foreigners. In fact, the splendour of the Cowes yachts has afforded the younger Dumas an opening for a scene in his comedy entitled "The Prodigal Father." It is a question of taking some ladies of quality a sea-trip, from one of the sea-side resorts upon the northern coast of France—Dieppe.

"Tell me, young man," says the extravagant father of the comedy, "how would you manage if you were permitted to conduct the marchioness and her niece, who have a fancy for a trip on the sea, from this place to Tréport?"

"I should manage very simply. I should call a fisherman, and hire his boat."

"And you think you would thereby act like a gentleman? You hand a couple of ladies into a fishing smack, smelling of fish and pitch, and you think you have done your duty!"

"What else could I do?"

"Listen; this is what I should do. I should send a despatch to White, the great English yacht builder at Cowes, ordering him to bring over a yacht at once, manned, equipped, and quite ready—a vessel fit for ladies."

East Cowes is not so prosperous as its fellow, otherwise its description is simply a repetition of that of West Cowes—yachting, sailors, a searching smell of ships' provisions, and quantities of oil-skin.

High up in the town the visitor will find a Botanic Garden. There is also an East Cowes Castle, but not the one built by Henry VIII., corresponding to that of West Cowes. Not a vestige of this building remains. Grose in his *Antiquities* says:—"This has been long totally demolished; the materials have from time to time been carried away, some within the

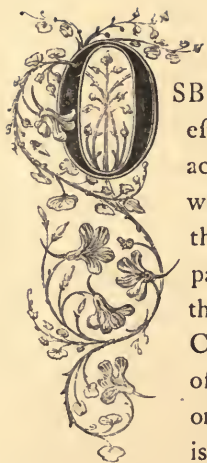
memory of persons now living, in order to build a house at Newport, and for other erections."

Both West and East Cowes are well provided with places of worship for all denominations. At East Cowes the Trinity masters have a house, while Her Majesty possesses a private landing-place.

From Newport to Whippingham is a delightful walk, thus described by Charles Knight:—"The Rambler may very well keep beside the river to Whippingham, occasionally ascending the uplands; and if he be a lover of river scenery, he will not regret the devious course it has led him. The broad sweep of the stream stretches before you in bold sweeping curves, its clear green water curling into light ripples, and reflecting in long tremulous lines the white sails that are gliding rapidly along; on each side are fine hanging woods, or slopes of 'glad light green.' In front the view is bounded by softly-swelling uplands, or when a turn in the path brings into sight the broad opening where the river falls into the sea, by the silver Solent, and the hazy coast beyond."

Whippingham Church is a charmed place, as being that now used through many years by the Queen as her place of worship when in the isle. But the old building was swept away to make room for a new edifice, the first stone of which was laid by Her Majesty seven months, almost to a day, before the Prince Consort expired. The act was one of the last royal public works previous to that great catastrophe. The old church was not of extraordinary architectural interest, but it was much visited by reason of its associations with the royal family of England. Knight says of the old building:—"The only possible thing to notice inside would be its scrupulous cleanness. Now, of course, the royal pews are looked at by the stranger, but they are quiet and unassuming, only distinguished from the rest by a rather richer lining."

Osborne.



OSBORNE is derived from Austerburne. The estate which formed a nucleus for the 5,000 acres now comprised in the word Osborne, was the hereditary land of the Bowermans through many generations. From them it passed through the hands of the Arneys to the Lovibonds, who held it until the time of Charles I., when it passed into the possession of Eustace Mann, about whose memory is told one of those treasure tales with which Quarr is associated. It is said that Mann buried a large sum of money in a wood near his house, and never could find the spot beneath which the treasure lay. The tradition will not hold water, but the common people in support of their belief, triumphantly point to the fact that the spot is called to this day Money Coppice. No doubt many a rustic, when that part of the isle was less strictly guarded than it now is, has sought in a desultory way for the lost treasure. If it has been found, no whisper of the discovery has reached the general

ear. The grand-daughter of this Eustace Mann married a Mr. Blachford, whose son built Osborne House, a mansion of some architectural pretension. It was a descendant of this gentleman, the Lady Isabella Blachford, who sold the estate to the Queen in 1840. By subsequent purchases, it now extends almost from the Medina on the west, to King's Quay on the east; and here at King's Quay, it is said, John King of England remained in hiding for some time, when threatened



OSBORNE.

by the barons; hence the name, King's Quay. Indeed, several isolated atoms of traditional evidence go to prove that John must unquestionably have visited the island.

The old unpretending house was pulled down, and the handsome Italian building which now occupies its site erected in its stead. It is believed that the architecture of Osborne is almost wholly due to the late Prince Consort. The two towers, which

can be seen quite readily from Spithead, answer the purpose—the one (90 feet high) of a campanile or bell tower, the other (107 feet in height) of a flag tower.

The Queen's apartments face the sea, but it is said Her Majesty's great delight when at Osborne is to pass much of her time, when the weather will permit, upon one or other of the flat terrace roofs with which the house abounds. In the photograph the Queen's rooms are those on the right, situated before the flag tower.

Visitors are so rigorously excluded from the palace and grounds of Osborne, that very little is known concerning either. The gardens are essentially of the terrace order, and they slope almost to the water's edge. The house itself is crowded with works of art, and especially examples of sculpture by the greatest sculptors in the English school.

But if, on the one hand, the public are excluded from the palace and park of Osborne, on the other hand it must be felt that the interest the Queen took in the establishment of the model farm, was, up to the time of the Prince Consort's death, boundless and constant. Upon that model farm was conducted a series of experiments which we have no doubt must have resulted in a great advance in agricultural knowledge had the promoter been spared to continue his work. As it happened there was no time afforded to admit of results, and there remains but the commencement of a great work. Every farmer in the vicinity, who had an opportunity of exercising his judgment, will bear testimony to the extraordinary vigour and skill with which the Prince's agricultural experiments were carried on. Nor was sport forgotten: the estate still maintains some excellent kennels.

The Osborne lodges on the East Cowes road are of singularly fanciful design. Osborne must not be left without some

reference to the one chapter of antiquity in connection with the place. One of the estates absorbed into the royal demesne was that of Barton Manor. Coming, almost immediately after the Conquest, into the hands of the Fitz Sturs, their heirs, in the reign of Henry III., married one Walter de Insula, who, very obviously by his name, had been born on the isle. Shortly afterwards, in 1272, John de Insula, his brother, founded here a religious house, endowed it nobly, and dedicated it to the Trinity. The constitution of this establishment, preserved at Winchester, gives an antiquarian interest to the spot. Here is a copy of it.

“ 1. There shall be six chaplains and one clerk, to officiate both for the living and the dead, under the rules of St. Augustine. 2. One of these shall be presented to the Bishop of Winchester to be the arch-priest, to whom the rest shall take an oath of obedience. 3. The arch-priest shall be chosen by the chaplains there residing, who shall present him to the bishop within twenty days after any vacancy shall happen. 4. They shall be subject to the immediate authority of the bishop. 5. When any chaplain shall die, his goods shall remain in the oratory. 6. They shall have only one mess, with a pittance at a meal, excepting on the greater festivals, when they may have three messes. 7. They shall be diligent in reading and praying. 8. They shall not go beyond the bounds of the oratory without licence from the arch-priest. 9. Their habits shall be of one colour, either blue or black; they shall be clothed *pallio Hiberniensi de nigra boneta cum pileo* (in the Irish vestment of a black bonnet and a cloak). 10. The arch-priest shall sit at the head of the table, next to him those who have celebrated the great mass, then the priest of St. Mary, next the priest of the Holy Trinity, and then the priest who says mass for the dead. 11. The clerk shall read something edifying to them

while they dine. 12. They shall sleep in one room. 13. They shall make special prayer for their benefactors. 14. They shall, in all their ceremonies, and in tinkling the bell, follow the use of Sarum. 15. The arch-priest alone shall have charge of the business of the house. 16. All of them, after their admission into the house, shall swear to observe these statutes. *Further Ordered*:—After a year and a day from entering into the oratory, no one shall accept of any other benefice, or shall depart the house.”

Upon the dissolution of religious establishments, this of the Holy Trinity fell to pieces, and ultimately upon its site, or near it, was built in the time of Elizabeth, Barton Court, which remained in partial existence until pulled down on its purchase by Her Majesty.

Moody says of this building :—“One peculiarity of the house was, that it contained a room about twelve feet square, known as the Chapel, which had been apparently fitted up as a secret chapel for the performance of mass, subsequent to the Reformation, and which, within the memory of living individuals, retained its altar, crucifix, and other Catholic accessories.” Some portions of the old building, its southern and its eastern front, were however, retained, and now form part of the royal residence.



Newport.



LEAVING Osborne, Whippingham Church nestles in a hollow in front, while the land is dotted with the red brick buildings occupied by the royal labourers' cottages. They are pleasant little buildings, yet with that model look about them which is so comfortless. Throughout, there are evidences of the interest taken by Her Majesty and the Prince in the improvement of the estate. The labourers meet you with perfect simplicity, yet with a full knowledge that they are a sort of show folk. Here we find the practical out-crop of royalty in our time. It leans to agriculture, to making itself one with others, to its being people amongst the people, and to possessing interests identical with theirs.

It is well to turn from the smiling acres, the undulating valleys, and the red brick cots, to the left, and look upon that frowning castle which now comes in view. A great contrast —on the one hand the heavy walls, on the other the royalty of to-day. Where are those old castles, with their thick-hided

mistrust? The moats are dry, the bridges have fallen, the portcullises are rusted, and the walls are crumbling:—colonies for half-starved owls, jays, rooks, and magpies; the whole placed in the feeble care of some poor aged retainer, who totters over the place, and opens the outer door with a rusty key. The descendants of the castellans have gone into civilised houses, and as to their success, the answer is in the smiling acres around Osborne, and in the quiet manner in which the Queen drives about the island.

Suddenly the traveller faces Newport—Whippingham steeple is lost—Whippingham, which owns a chapelry that pays ten shillings a year in acknowledgment of its dependency. And now we face the hill crowned by Carisbrook Castle.

The first warning Carisbrook had of its fate, was when Isabel sold the isle to the English crown. Hitherto Newport was the village. Carisbrook, nestling under the Castle, was the capital of the island. But with the sale Carisbrook lost its importance as the residence of a feudal baron, and with that importance fell what power was possessed by the Priory, a power which well competed with that of Quarr.

Newport now began to rise in importance, for while the mistrustful Castle was on a hill, Newport was situated more wisely on a river, and its boats soon began to be busy carrying the corn and hay grown in the heart of the isle, and bringing back such commodities as foreign lands and distant London had to offer. Soon the song of the water-mill was heard upon the banks of the river, and Carisbrook began to fall to pieces. However, the brave old place still holds up its hoary head. A couple of modern cannon would send it into a heap of rubbish in an hour, but there being no need to interfere with its green old age, it remains a pleasant end to a tourist's jaunt.

Newport is, loosely speaking, nearly in the centre of the island,

and advantageously situated for commerce, which here has never, from the time of the Reformation, ceased steadily to increase.

The Medina, the river upon which Newport lies, is navigable up to the town for small craft only, but the power of the engineer has been felt in some degree, as in almost all parts of England.

Newport exports corn, which is carried down to Cowes, where it is re-shipped, the return cargoes consisting of coal, iron, timber, and groceries; for Newport is the centre whence the interior and back of the island are supplied with their daily luxuries.

In the time of good Sir Richard Worsley, that baronet was proud to make the record, that on market-day, every Saturday, not fewer than 200 waggon loads of various kinds of grain were brought into the town, amounting to from 1,300 to 1,500 quarters, the greater part of which remained on the island until converted into ships' bread, or rather biscuit, which was preferably bought up for the English navy.

Newport itself is not very striking, for there is no building within its boundaries calling for high admiration, while the houses themselves have little of the quaintness of age to recommend them. The town, however, is wide and open, while its several squares give it an airy appearance which is much in its favour.

The ancient Church of St. Thomas à Becket must have been established about 1180, the founder being Richard de Redvers, a pious soul, who covenanted with the priory at Carisbrook, that two monks should pray at St. Thomas's daily. The building was due to much brotherly effort, for every guild in the town gave the church a helping hand, and hence it came to pass, that the distinguishing signs of each

company were carved upon the exterior walls. It remained a chapelry of Carisbrook until very recently. Newport also possesses the power of appointing its own minister, who at one time depended upon voluntary contributions, but at a later date upon a town rate. However, the burgessees strove, even so early as the time of the unhappy Charles I, to render Newport parochial, but without success. Many were the petitions forwarded to Parliament in the endeavour to obtain this advantage—petitions that were considered, and practically put on one side.

Here is a copy of one of the petitions in question.

“The humble Petition of the Maior and Burgessees, and other cheife inhabitants of the Burrough of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, Sheweth:—

“1. That the said Burough is a Corporation, a port Towne, and auntient Markett Towne, wch serveth the whole Isle of Wight. Seated in the hart of the Island, consisting of about three thousand soules there in habitant, adourned wth a very convenient Church lately enlarged, and well-fitted, and bewtified by the greate expense of the Inhabitants.

“2. That the said Church being called St. Thomas Chappell is but a Chappell of Ease unto the p'ish of Carisbrooke, wch is a greater p'ish, the viccarage thereof, wth the other profitts thereto belonging, being reputed to be worth twoe hundred pounds at the least, and the obventions, oblations, and profitts due to the Vicar, out of Newport, xxli pound, or thereabouts, whereof Mr. Alexander Roffe, the nowe Incumbent (liveing out of the Island), alloweth but ten pounds pr annum to the nowe curate, namely Mr. William Harby, Master of Arts, an able and laborious preacher, and a man of honest conversation, whoe for the time of his abode in Newport, being about twelve yeares, hath not omitted preaching there on any Saboth day (unless by sickness or other necessity he hath been p'vented).

“3. That the cure of soules in Newport hath been but meanly served in times past, and like enough would be soe nowe, did not the Inhabitants, by a voluntary benevolence to the said Mr. Harby make an addition to his meanes to keepe him wth them. And it is greatly feared that in time to come the Inhabitants may suffer much want of spirituall foode for their soules—if their preachers meanes be not augmented.

“Yr Petrs therefore most humbly pray that the p'misses may be taken into yr hoble and pious consideration. And that yt may be enacted and settled by Parliamt, if that high and hoble house think it convenient, that the said Burrough of Newport may be a distinct p'ish of ytsel. And that yor Petrs and their successors may have the p'entation of the parson thereof for ever, wch if it may be obteyned, yr Petrs (albeit the town is very poor, and they have been at extraordinarie charge already unto the church) yet for the advancem^t of preaching the Word of God in the same Burrough they are very willing that it be also enacted that tweive pence of every pound of the yearly rents of the houses and lands within the said Burrough (wch it is considered will amount to a competency) shall be rayfed for an addition of means to the parson of the said Burrough for perpetuity, wch yor Petrs conceive will be a great work of piety, and must tend to the glory of Almighty God, the greate comforte of the souls of his people in the said Burrough inhabiting and thither resorting ffor wch y Petrs shall ever be bound to thankfulness.”

This petition is dated February 1, 1640.

Nine years before its date a rich inhabitant, being a burgess of Newport, had bestowed upon the church a new and fantastic pulpit, carved by one Caper, an appropriate name, who used an appropriate symbol of himself upon the carved wood, in the shape of a carved goat. This pulpit is still to be seen in the new church, which was built upon the site of the ancient building.

One William Pavey, who flourished in 1718-19, gives a very elaborate description of this old church, dedicated to Thomas à Becket.

“The church is like, at first view, three ridged houses joined, embattled on the top. On the upper part are five windows between six leaden spouts, and underneath four large windows, with a large porch, which is the grand entrance, in the middle of the south side. The tower is pretty lofty, and embattled with four pinnacles.

“Within the church is one of the most curious carved *pulpits* that I ever saw, the work of one Thomas Caper (who now lies buried in Salisbury), Ano. Dm. 1630, in which year the seats likewise were erected. It was a

donation of one Stephen March, whose crest is against the back of the pulpit.* As for the carving, round the sounding board of it is this inscription in neat, wrought, and gilded letters: '*Cry aloud and spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet.*' The pulpit is divided into two rows of bas-relief carved images. On the uppermost row are curiously described the four Cardinal Virtues and the three Graces, with their types; and on the lower rank the seven liberal sciences—namely Grammatica, Dialectica, Rhetorica, Musica, Arithmetica Geometria, and Astronomia, with the several symbols and characteristics of each science. 'Tis a true church militant, for there is a canon placed to defend the church now it is in danger. Nothing more remarkable in it, but a neat, light grey marble front. [This is in the new building, and bears an inscription—*The gift of Anne Keith, Widow, 1637.*]

"Underneath the step that goes up to the altar is the vault wherein is interred the *Lady Elizabeth*, daughter to King Charles I.; and this is the inscription, as Mr. John Gilbert, jun., told me:—

"*'THE LADY ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER TO KING CHARLES THE 1ST, SEPT. 8, MDCL.'*

"Against the south wall is the famed tomb of Sir Edward Horsey, Knt., who was often sent thither in Henry VIII.'s time, to defend it from any sudden invasion from France. It is a curious marble monument, on which lies his effigies at length, armed at all points complete, with his hands held up, and joined in a praying manner, and on an oval piece of black marble this epitaph:—

"*'Edvardvs qvi miles erat fortissimvs Horsey.
Vestis erat præfes, constans terraq. mariq.
Magnanimvs placidæ svb pacis nomine fortis
Ivstitiæ Cvltor qvam fidvs amicvs amico
Favtor Evangelii delectvs Principe vixit
Mvnicvvs Popvlo mvlsvm delectvs ab omni
Vixit et vt sancte sic stamina sancte peregit.'*

"*'Qvi ob. 23 die Marcii,
Anno Domini 1582.'*

"This is all that is worth notice in the Church.

"In the church-yard, which is about a quarter of a mile west of the church, neatly walled in, are the following remarkable inscriptions:—

"Here lyeth the body of Mast^r George Shergold, late Minister of New-

* Was the goat the crest of Stephen March, or a punning symbol of the carver's name? Perhaps it meant both.

port, who, during sixteen years in discharge of his office, strictly observed the true discipline of the Church of England, disliking that dead bodies should be buried in God's house, appointed to be interred in this place. He dyed universally lamented and esteemed, January 23, 1707.'

"On a head-stone on the south side of the church-yard, this:—

"'Here lyeth y^e body of John Smith, who departed this life y^e 12th day of August, in y^e year of our Lord 1712, in y^e 24th year of his age.'

"'Stay, gentle reader, spend a tear
Upon y^e dust y^t sleepeth ere;
And whilst thou read'st y^e state of me,
Think on y^e glass y^t runs for thee.'"

"On a brass plate on a fine raised tomb near y^e middle of y^e church-yard:—

"'Here is laid y^e body of Mr. John Stanner, who departed this life y^e 26th of March, 1713, in y^e 65th year of his age: a man exemplary for piety, and forward in works of charity, especially worthy of a good and lasting (*sic*) for an act of gratitude more than common, as in return for a seasonable (tho' noe great) benefaction, he bequeathed y^e greatest share of his estate (gotten by an honest industry) to come to y^e great-grandchildren of that his benefactor.'

"See by this how y^e bread that a man may have cast upon y^e waves cometh to be again found after many days."

It was in 1853-4, not very many years after Her Majesty had acquired the Osborne estate, that the old church of St. Thomas exhibited such unequivocal signs of decay that its demolition became an absolute necessity. Already the royal family had identified themselves most heartily with all schemes tending to the advancement of the island, and therefore the Prince Consort readily consented to officiate at the laying of the foundation stone of the new building, which was placed on August 24th, 1854. The works were so vigorously carried on that the edifice was opened for divine worship in 1856. By that time £10,000 had been laid out upon the building. The church is in the style known as Early English. It exhibits much harmony; it is light, elegant, and worthy of its architect, Mr. Dawkes.

The monuments which gave so great an interest to the ancient church were replaced in the new building. And now it was that Her Majesty showed the tender memory in which she held that royal unfortunate, the Princess Elizabeth. Here, in the new church of St. Thomas, she has erected a monument in memory of that unhappy princess, who, at a very early age, must have welcomed death as a sweet relief. The monument is one of the most successful works of the late Baron Marochetti. It represents the princess lying dead under the window of her prison, which they show you at Carisbrook, her head pillowed upon a Bible as she was found by the jailors who watched her. The likeness is from a portrait in the possession of Her Majesty, and the following inscription completes the work:—"To the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who died at Carisbrook Castle on Sunday, Sept. 8th, 1650, and is interred beneath the chancel of this church, this monument is erected—a token of respect for her virtues, and of sympathy for her misfortunes—by Victoria R., 1856."

Speaking of this princess, Clarendon says:—"She was a lady of distinguished parts, of quick observation, and early understanding." She sank into an early grave at the age of fifteen, three of which she had passed in confinement. Hume says it was intended by her Puritan jailors to have apprenticed the princess to a button-maker in Newport, but the statement utterly lacks evidence. "*Vatene in pace alma beata e bella.*" She expired about nineteen months after the execution of the king, dying no doubt all the time. It was so late as 1793 that the remains were discovered in a vault near the altar. A stone bearing the letters E. S. (Elizabeth Stuart) marked the spot. The vault was perfectly dry, and contained a leaden coffin, which appeared as though new, and bore this inscription—

a strangely royal one for her parliamentary undertakers to place upon it—

ELIZABETH 2D DAUGHTER
OF Y^E LATE KING CHARLES
Decē'd Sept. 8 MDCL.

A kindlier epitaph followed, two centuries being past.

Up to the time of Elizabeth the dead of Newport were carried to Carisbrook, but during the life of that monarch, an epidemic raging in Newport, the burial ground at Carisbrook was found too narrow, and the people of Newport, turning their attention to the formation of a graveyard of their own, obtained the grant of a stretch of land on the south side of the town, which is used as a cemetery to this day.

Newport is a market town and a borough; Saturday is the general market day, and to the market the whole produce of the island is brought. Upon every other Wednesday a cattle market is held. The annual fair, which is dying out, as all annual fairs are expiring, is held every Whit-Monday and two following days. Newport has a jurisdiction of its own, holds a court of borough petty sessions every Monday, and county petty sessions every Saturday. Once a month, also, a county court for the island sits at Newport.

It was at the instance of Sir George Carey, Governor of the Isle of Wight, that Newport was summoned to return two representatives to Parliament in the 27th of Elizabeth, 1585. From that date, when candidates for parliamentary honours were far from plentiful, to the present time, Newport has always been regularly represented. However, it must be admitted that until the operation of the first Reform Act Newport was unquestionably a close borough, for the right of voting had till then been confined to free burgesses, the number of these being restricted to twenty-four. Hence it followed that less

than two dozen votes could return a couple of members to the House of Commons. The constituency has had the honour of returning to parliament, amongst its more distinguished representatives, the late Lord Palmerston (1790-1807), and the Right Hon. George Canning (1826). By the Reform Act (1868) one member has been taken away.

The population is a little over eight thousand. Nor is the corporation of Newport in an unflourishing condition. A few years since its income amounted to £1,054, while its expenditure was only £543.

Newport, amongst other advantages of civilization, possesses a fire brigade, worked at the small annual expenditure of £60, and this although the brigade consists of a superintendent, three engineers, three foremen, and five firemen.

Amongst the public buildings of Newport, the *Town Hall*, a heavy but substantial building, is noticeable. The *Free Grammar School* is a plain building, interesting from the facts that here Charles I. met the Parliamentary Commissioners in 1648, and that in the chamber now used as a school-room divine service was, in the early part of the royal imprisonment, performed before the hapless king and his suite. The school, which owes its existence chiefly to good Sir Thomas Oglander (and the Oglander MSS. relating to the isle have still to be published—no doubt they will one day see the light), was intended for the education on the foundation of fifteen (now twenty) boys, who still enter at from seven to eight years of age, and quit at fifteen. The school also receives thirty day scholars, while the master may receive boarders. The chief reliable income of the establishment arises from the rent of three houses in Newport, and of about 35 acres of land at Hemmy Hill. The nominal salary given to the master is £120, together with a rent-free house and garden.

The Isle of Wight Museum is to be found in what may be candidly styled a barn, and where it is strangely mixed up with newspapers and a bagatelle board. That from an archæological point of view the museum is most interesting, there can be no doubt, but the apparent curatress—a maiden whose chief duty appears to be the quieting of her young charge by giving the infant the more attractive objects in the museum for playthings—exhibits, as the chief curiosities of the place, a waps' nest, and some frightfully stuffed animals congenitally malformed.

The true curator, however, drew up a very interesting paper having reference to the antiquarian treasures possessed by the museum. We make the following extracts from that compilation:—

“The historical and antiquarian department contains: Case 1. A large funereal urn, taken from a British or Celtic *barrow* on Shalcombe Down, measuring 16 inches by 14; several incineratories from similar barrows opened in various parts of the island; ancient Celtic torques; *celts* found at Binthead, Watchingswell, Billingham, &c.; a large collection of pottery from a Romano-British manufactory at Barnes, near Brixton, consisting of fragments of urns, pateras, and other utensils, some specimens being nearly entire. The most interesting feature is its variety, the collection appertaining to several historical eras. The earliest specimens are of a coarse, slightly baked pottery, similar to that of the British or Celtic period. A second variety is Samian ware. The third differs in no respect from the urns found in various Saxon barrows in the island. Many are plain.

“Case II. contains fragments of Celtic funeral urns, with incinerations, found near Yafford and on Compton Down; an ancient British or Celtic bronze instrument, or dagger, and pottery found in a barrow opened on Arreton Down; a collection of Anglo-Saxon remains discovered in various island barrows and in the cemetery on Chessell Down, and presented by the late Sir Leonard Worsley Holmes, Mr. Bennett, and other gentlemen. The most interesting are iron swords and knives; iron spear-heads for warfare, and the sports of the chase.

“Another Case contains Isle of Wight trade-tokens; English local tokens and half-pence; large and small brass coins, Roman and Greek, not discovered in the island.

"Case IV. contains 170 silver, and large and small brass Roman and Greek Coins (from Augustus Cæsar, A.D. 31, to Gratian, A.D. 313), found in various parts of the island.

"In a recess are various interesting relics of the ancient chapel of St. Thomas, Newport, and a collection of human bones of former Anglo-Saxon inhabitants.

"In a room adjacent is a model of old St. Thomas' Church; specimens of Roman sculpture found among its materials; Roman tiles, bricks, and mortar from Carisbrook; steel dies of a sixpence and a shilling, formerly coined at Newport; a collection of ancient weapons; ancient sword, &c., &c."

The Isle of Wight Institution is an elegant structure, and contains an excellent library of 5,000 volumes.

It is typical of the old feudal dependency of Newport upon Carisbrook, that the mayor of the town is sworn in (on Michaelmas Day) at Carisbrook Castle, before the steward and governor of the isle. The corporation consists of the mayor, six aldermen, and eighteen councillors, from amongst whom the aldermen are chosen.

Newport received its first charter from Richard de Redvers, a descendant of the first lord of Wight, and who himself was lord of the isle in the time of Henry II. Isabella de Fortibus, she who afterwards sold the isle to the English crown, gave a sword and very liberal charter to "her" new borough of Newport, while between Richard II. and Charles II. no less than fifteen charters were granted to the borough, all of which are extant, the parchments in many cases containing portraits of the sovereigns in whose reigns they were granted. In Charles II.'s time a recorder was appointed to Newport.

Some antiquarians maintain, probably with justice, that Newport, when called Medi, was a Roman settlement of much importance. "Both here," says the Rev. E. Kell, "and in other parts of the island, have been found vases, gems, rings,

fibulæ, swords, coins, bracelets, and urns. The coins discovered in different quarters range over the whole period of the Roman occupation of Britain, and even descend to a later date. The Romans left England in A.D. 414 to 420; and yet at Shanklin, in 1833, were discovered coins of the emperors Arcadius and Honorius; and the latter did not reign until A.D. 424."

In 1377 Newport fell especially upon evil times, for it yielded to the French, who however, as we have elsewhere shown, were repulsed with great slaughter, upon their attempt to take Carisbrook by assault. Again, in the time of Edward IV., the town suffered from another successful attack on the part of the French.

But it was in Elizabeth's reign that the most evil days Newport ever knew almost overwhelmed the borough. The plague decimated the inhabitants, the dead carts blocked the way to Carisbrook, the graveyard there could hold no more dead, and desolation and despair haunted every corner of the town.

However, with the elasticity of the English character, Newport and its men rose superior to their misfortunes, and to greater prosperity than before. Soon after that time of trouble, we have Sir John Oglander telling, in his MSS., how he had known as many as "twelve knights and as many other gentlemen" to attend in the first town hall that the men of Newport built.

In a report of the condition of the island drawn up in 1642, we find the following passage:—

"Since ye coming of King James, there is a toun in the island (called Newport) made a mare-toun, which heretofore was only a bayly-toun, and then ye live-tenants and justices had ye same power there they had in ye rest of ye country. But now they have gotten a charter to be a mare-

toun, and have justices, a recorder, aldermen, &c., which ye other two mare-touns have not, as Yarmouth and Newtoun; they will not be governed as those two mare-touns and ye rest of ye island are, which is very prejudiciall to ye country, and I wish it might be regulated. And in that toun of Newport ye captain of ye island is clerk of ye market, and hath ye ordering of ye country; this toun, notwithstanding, will take ye power to themselves, and hinder men from buying and selling at their pleasure."

Newport remained very exclusive long after a more liberal municipal policy had been recognized over the greater part of the kingdom. So late as 1629 we find the corporation opposing one John Wavell, in his desire to open a certain shop, the argument held by the corporation being that he had not served his apprenticeship in the town. Ultimately John Wavell was permitted to trade, upon consenting to pay an exemplary fine.

The Charities of Newport consist of the Blue School, formed in 1781, for the education and maintenance of twenty poor girls born in Newport, to be made "good Christians and useful subjects." 'Tis a quaint old school, supported by voluntary contributions and the interests of certain bequests. The school is managed by the minister of Newport, aided by six ladies. Every girl, upon leaving the establishment, is presented with clothes, a Prayer Book, and Bible; while farthermore, let her but keep her first situation twelve months, and she is entitled to a guinea.

Worsley's almshouses were founded in 1618, by Sir R. Worsley, and through provision of the will of Giles Kent. It is true they consist of but six small rooms, a tenant in each, but they are always full.

Widow Roman's almshouses, built in 1752, owe their existence to the following clause in the good woman's will:—"I bequeath to such six widows as shall inhabit the Charity House in Newport, called the Lower Almshouse, situated in Crocker Street, and shall not receive alms from the town, the sum of

£10 every year for ever after the decease of my brother-in-law, W. Roman, from my property at Yafford, free from all taxes and deductions whatever; by equal portions, by the churchwardens and overseers of the poor of the parish of Newport, to be disposed of to the six widows equally, share and share alike."

The Upper Almshouses are four tenements, a family in each, founded in 1623, by one Daniel Serle, a parishioner of Carisbrook.

Finally, it is argued in favour of Newport that the general plan of the town is essentially that of a Roman city, and that therefore its present linear aspect is very much what it was in the second and third centuries. Nor is the borough without its modern admirers.

Mudie says:—"Newport is essentially a domestic town—the heart and centre of the Isle of Wight. Its streets are laid out with great regularity, lying east and west, with cross ones north and south, dividing the area into chequers. The two principal are those which connect the great roads—St James's Street, from Cowes road, to that which leads by Nison to the Undercliff; and High Street, which connects the Ryde road with the road to Carisbrook, and the western roads which diverge from them."

Knight also gives his testimony in favour of the town:—"Newport stands nearly in the centre of the island, in a spot apparently marked out by nature for the site of the miniature capital. It is built on a gentle slope rising from the west bank of the Medina, which is navigable for vessels of considerable burden up to the town; and the nature of the surrounding hills allows of easy lines of communication to radiate from it to every part of the island. The town itself is neat, clean, cheerful-looking, and apparently flourishing. The streets are well paved and lighted, and filled with good, well-stored shops."

Shanklin.

“**T**HE distance,” says Mantell, “from Bembridge Down to Shanklin is from four to five miles. On the eastern side of Sandown Bay, the flinty chalk has a total thickness of 200 feet, the lower chalk and chalk marl 200 feet, the firestone 100 feet, and the gault 50 feet.”

The eye soon rests upon Redcliff, and here the strata first visible are the ferruginous sandy and mottled clays, belonging to the Wealden formation, which becomes more developed as we look towards the chalk strata terminating in the bold promontory of Culver, which forms a striking object from this part of the bay. In the Wealden, bones of large reptiles and fruits of coniferous plants have from time to time been discovered, and many colossal bones of the iguanodon have been obtained from the shingle, where also may be found rolled blocks and pebbles of the shelly limestones, and of jasper and quartz, with silicified zoophytes, that have been washed out of the chalk. Slabs of what is commonly called



SHANKLIN CHINE.

Suffex marble may also be seen protruding from the clay; while masses of lignite that have fallen out of the cliffs are often found on the beach, and sometimes pebbles of silicified wood.

The occurrence in this locality of bones of the iguanodon and other reptiles, whose remains had previously been observed only in the strata of Tilgate Forest, was first made known in 1829, by Dr. Buckland. An enormous toe-bone, weighing six pounds, and measuring six inches in length, and sixteen inches in circumference at its largest extremity, was found in the ledges of ferruginous sand, a little to the east of Sandown Fort, while a considerable number of bones, comprising several gigantic vertebræ, portions of a thigh bone, fragments of ribs, &c., were discovered near the same spot—at the foot of the low cliff that forms the sea boundary of Yaverland farm. They were observed on the shore after a week of very stormy weather, which had swept away the beach and sand to the depth of two feet, and thus laid bare the fossils which probably had fallen from the cliffs long previously, and being very heavy had sunk deep into the shingle, and lain concealed until brought to light by the denuding effects of a storm.

A sharp walk, and we are at Shanklin.

All who have seen leafy Shanklin speak tenderly of it. Who can avoid, who need avoid speaking gently of the sweet hanging curtains of green that clothe this lovely spot. It is so human, if we may be allowed the word. Blackgang is ghastly in its barrenness and its remorseless divorce from vegetation. Shanklin is sweet with shadow, leafy twitterings, the murmur of a prattling streamlet, and the fall of a tiny waterfall. Nay, the very presence of the little perched-up heavy-browed inn, the woman with her baskets of pebble jewelry, which without a blush she tells you is all made on the isle from stones found on the beach,

the gates, the seats, the rustic bridge—all help to produce a sense of comfort, and give humanity to the scene.

Water and time made a fearful gash in the side of a hill, men came and planted trees, made the place beautiful, and converted a wilderness into a garden. This is Shanklin.

“Shanklin,” says Keats, “is a most beautiful place. Sloping wood and meadow ground reach round the chine, which is a cleft in the cliffs of the depth of nearly 300 feet. This cleft is filled with trees and bushes in the narrow part, and as it widens becomes bare, if it were not for the primroses on one side, which spread to the very verge of the sea, and some fishermen’s huts on the other, perched midway in the balustrade of beautiful green hedges along the steps down to the sand.”

The fishermen’s huts have long since gone, and upon the site of one of them are to be found seats, from which a perfect view, something in formation like the Bay of Naples, is to be seen sweeping round and up to Culver Cliffs.

Sir. H. Englefield has spoken in terms of high praise of this natural beauty, the cliffs of which are 230 feet high, the chasm at the top 300 feet wide, while it stretches back inland from the shore 150 feet. But when Sir Henry wrote Shanklin had not been turned to the best account. He says:—“The cliff, where the stream which forms the chine enters the sea, is about 100 feet in height, and the chasm is perhaps 150 wide at the top, and at the bottom not much wider than the channel of the stream. The sides are very steep, and in most places are clothed with rich underwood, overhanging the naked rock. At a small distance within their mouth, on a terrace just large enough to afford a walk to their doors, stand two small cottages of different elevations. Rude flights of steps descend to them from the top, and an excavation from the sandy rock forms a skittle-ground to one of them, overshadowed by the leafage of young oaks. After

proceeding about 100 yards in a direct line from the shore, the chasm makes a sudden bend to the left, and grows much narrower. Its sides are nearly perpendicular, and but little shrubbery breaks their naked surface. The chasm continues decreasing in breadth, till it terminates in an extremely narrow fissure, down which the rill, which has formed the whole, falls about 30 feet. The quantity of water is in general so small that the cascade is



SHANKLIN CHURCH.

scarcely worth viewing; but after great rains it must be very pretty. The sides of the gloomy hollow in which it falls are of the blackish indurated clay, of which the greater part of the soil hereabouts is composed, and the damp of the water has covered most part of it with shining green lichens and mosses

of various shades. The brushwood which grows on the brow on each side, overhangs so as nearly to meet; and the whole scene, though it cannot be considered as magnificent, is certainly striking and grotesque. Above the fall the stream continues to run in a deep and shady channel quite to the foot of the hills in which it takes its rise."

Lord Jeffrey, an accomplished critic, has also spoken well of Shanklin. He remarks:—"Shanklin is very small and scattery, all mixed up with trees, and lying among sweet airy falls and swells of ground, which finally rise up behind to breezy downs 800 feet high, and sink down in front to the edge of the varying cliffs, which overhang a pretty beach of fine sand, and are approachable by a very striking wooded ravine, which they call the *Chine*."

Shanklin Chine, like all others in the island, has been formed by the action of running water. In fact, to be profaic, they are huge gulleys, dependent for their formation upon soft earth and rain streams. At Shanklin the farther cutting away of the earth is stopped by the simple use of a stone slab on the edge of the cliff over which the rain has passed for so many centuries. The waterfall looks very pretty from below; and chatting with the half-agricultural, half-marine, friendly-faced fellow who keeps the gate, we take another mug of the slightly mineralized water, which here flows into a small stone receptacle. The water is ferruginous. The keeper declares it saves children who are suffering from rickets.

Along the south coast of the island and the line of the chines, great attention was given by the military engineers who controlled the making of the military road from Freshwater to Blackgang, now about ten years since, to arrest the rapid action of even a very narrow stream of water, in cutting a chine under favourable circumstances. The road is in some

parts carried over chines certainly at a height of two hundred feet. It was therefore necessary to stop the action of the water upon the land, or the wasting away of the foundations of the viaducts was but a question of time—a question which nature holds in little respect. The chine-cutting brooks, over which the road passed, were consequently confined to artificial channels, and the danger is at all events postponed.

How easily a chine may be formed is to be gathered from an inspection of Shepherd's Chine, an offshoot of Cowleaze Chine. Fifty years since, a farm labourer, who gives his name to the chine—and this act is very typical of the simple and natural way in which a spot obtains a title—fifty years since this shepherd, for the amusement of an idle minute, and having a spade in his hand, cut a gully on one side of the rivulet pouring down Cowleaze Chine. The water took the new course at once, abandoned Cowleaze, and commenced the formation of a new chine, which is already of respectable dimensions.

To come back to Shanklin, the tourist must not leave the spot without a look at the superb girdle of myrtles which surrounds the venerable parsonage.

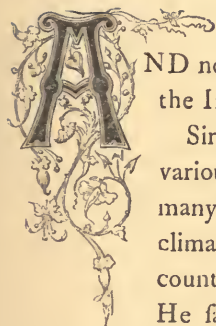


Luccombe Chine.



THE walk at low water from Shanklin to Luccombe Chine is very pleasant. Luccombe Chine is one of those places we find in every route taken by tourists, which are unaccountably neglected although equally beautiful with other much-praised spots. Here is Luccombe Chine only second to that of Shanklin, and not one tourist in a hundred of those who visit Shanklin sets an eye upon Luccombe. Indeed, it is most picturesque, and for those who love the natural without any intrusion of the artificial, Luccombe Chine is the most delightful in the isle. Viewed from the shore, it is singularly sweeping and beautiful, piled up superbly. But its entrance from above is quite unassuming. It suddenly sinks out of a field in the most unpretentious manner, opening out far below the upper level. No signpost tells of its existence, and the presence of humanity is feebly represented by a few cottages. Luccombe Chine will well repay a passing visit, and should not be overlooked by the tourist.

The Undercliff.



AND now we approach the great natural beauty of the Isle of Wight—the Undercliff.

Sir James Clark, after a careful examination of various places on the English coast, decided that many invalids might find those benefits from climate close at home, which they seek in distant countries. He, in fact, “MADE” the Undercliff.

He says of it, in his work “The Influence of Climate on the Prevention and Cure of Chronic Diseases”:—
“A lofty natural terrace, backed by a mountainous wall on the north, and open on the south to the full influence of the sun from his rising to his going down, during that season when his influence is most wanted in a northern country.” And elsewhere he adds:—“The island, from the variety which it presents in point of elevation, soil, and aspect, and from the configuration of its hills and shores, possesses several peculiarities of climate and situation, which render it a very favourable and commodious residence throughout the year, for a large class of invalids. On this account, the Isle of Wight claims

our particular attention, as it comprehends within itself advantages which are of great value to the delicate invalid, and to obtain which in almost any other part of England, he would require to make a considerable journey."

The Undercliff reminds one of nothing so much as of one of Gustave Doré's craggy panoramas. Mantell thus describes this work of nature:—"The Undercliff may be geologically described as a miscellaneous débris, principally composed of the fallen masses of the upper cretaceous strata, occasioned by the encroachment of the sea on the lower argillaceous and sandy deposits that form the base of this line of the coast. It consists of an irregular terrace, sloping towards the south, from a quarter to half-a-mile in breadth. There is perhaps no tract of such limited extent that affords so remarkable an instance of the modification of climate produced by geological structure and physical configuration, as the Undercliff. Of all the wonderful points along the Undercliff, the landslip between Luccombe and Bonchurch is the most striking."

In comparatively recent years there have been two convulsions of the land, which have modified the landslip as we find it. The first took place in 1810, when twenty acres of land were broken up and thrown down; the second in 1818, when thirty acres were lost. Again, in 1847, a mass of land fell. The broken rocks, in their stillness, are fearful evidences of the crash which placed them where they are found. Brushwood, ferns, wild flowers, lichens, and moss, have covered the scene with a lovely garment, but the crash and war of the falling rocks have left their mark upon the land. The young trees lift up their slender branches, and lo! in the course of time the leaves touch some overhanging rock, arrested as it toppled, and which in some future slip must fall and shatter

them. Art and engineering may do much to prevent successive land slips in this part, but they cannot be wholly guarded against. Fortunately, the earth does not break up and melt as it were, without a fair warning.

The Rev. James White says of the Undercliff:—"It is a region so well known as hardly to require description. Consisting of a platform varying from half-a-mile to a quarter of a mile in width—bounded on the south by the undulating bays and promontories of the Channel, and on the north by a perpendicular wall of grey rocks, which forms the buttress to a range of downs of almost mountainous elevation, it is easy to perceive that it unites two of the principal constituents of a beautiful landscape. But when, besides its guardian hills and ever-varying ocean, we remember the richness of its vegetation, the clearness of its air, and the wild seclusion of its innumerable dells, the glowing expressions of enthusiastic tourists would seem not much, if at all, beyond the truth."

Wonderful Mrs. Radcliffe, the inventor of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," found the scenery of the Undercliff indeed sympathetic. She says:—"The Undercliff is a tract of shore formed by the fallen cliffs, and closely barricaded by a wall of rock of vast height. We entered upon it about a mile from Niton, and found ourselves in such a Druid scene of wildness and ruin as we never saw before. The road is, for the most part, close to the wall of rock, which seems to threaten the traveller with destruction, as he passes frequently beneath enormous masses that lean forward. On the other side of the road is an extremely rugged descent of about half-a-mile to the sea, where sometimes are amphitheatres of rocks, their theatres filled with ruins, and frequently covered with verdure and underwood that stretch up the hill-side with the wildest pomp, sheltering here a cottage and there a villa among the rocky hillocks. We

afterwards ascended by a steep rugged road to the summit of the down, from which the views are astonishing and grand in a high degree ; we seemed perched on an extreme point of the world, looking down on hills and cliffs of various height and form, tumbled into confusion as if by an earthquake, and stretching into the sea, which spreads its vast circumference beyond. The look down on the shore is indeed tremendous."

Thorne, speaking of the geology of the Undercliff, remarks : "The strata, reckoning from the bottom, are first red ferruginous sand, then blue marl, next green sandstone, and at the top chalk and chalk marl. The stratum of blue marl is soft and easily acted upon by land springs, when it becomes mud, and oozes out ; and the sandstone and chalk being deprived of their support, must of necessity sink down. The subsidence, thus brought about, might be gradual and scarcely perceptible, except in its ultimate results ; but the sea was at the same time beating with violence against the lower strata, and washing out the sand and marl, which were already loosened by the springs. This double process would go on until the superincumbent mass became unable to sustain itself by mere adhesion to the parent rock, when it must necessarily break away and fall forward. That this was the way in which the Undercliff was produced, is evident from an examination of the phenomena it presents, and what may be observed still going on, though on a lesser scale. The great change in the level must have occurred at a very distant period ; churches and houses of ancient date, which stand in different parts of the Undercliff, show that no very considerable alteration can have taken place for centuries."

"I have counted," says Dr. Martin, "nearly fifty species of garden flowers blooming in the Undercliff gardens in December."



BONCHURCH.

Bonchurch.



ONCHURCH is essentially the Swiss bit of the island. One almost expects to hear the Ranz des Vaches suddenly mingling with the sheep bells on the down. The pool reminds one of a nook of a Swiss lake a—châlet only is wanting to complete the scene.

But Bonchurch has a higher claim to our regards than its mere beauty. If tradition is right, it was at Bonchurch that the first Christian missionaries landed with their message of peace and good-will. If this were so, the place is in our day most felicitously named. Bonchurch, it is said, is a corruption of *bonacerce*; and the association of the words appears very admissible. The missionary who landed in the Isle of Wight was St. Boniface. Even to this day there is a tiny cove amongst the rocks styled Monk's Bay. It is said that this name has adhered to it since A.D. 755, when some adventurous Christian monks of the Abbey of Lire set their feet on British ground.

Bonchurch parish church is very old, but of course it lays no

claim to so extraordinary an antiquity as the establishment of Christianity in the island. It is supposed it was founded by a De Lisle about the commencement of the fourteenth century. It is not a very rich living—£134 per annum.

Bonchurch contains within its limits a greater variety of scenery than is to be found anywhere else in a similar expanse over the whole island. The sublime and the picturesque are combined here in the most striking manner. Here is an immense wall of chalk—at its foot a crowded dell of flowers. On this side is the slope of a sward dipping to the beach; on the other the steep ascent of St. Boniface Down. The entrance to the village, whether from east or west, is beyond description most lovely, and if the visit be well-timed, the surface of the Bonchurch pool will be dotted with the broad leaves and white flowers of the water lily. But whatever bit of scenery the eye falls on, the least turn presents the friendly towering cliff-wall—the winter store, so to speak, of the Undercliff. Here the cliff varies from four to five hundred feet in height, broken delightfully in places by the grounds of charming villas, where art has aided nature to produce a perfect result.

And as St. Boniface Down is so very high (783 feet above the sea), of course the tourist will scale it if only to reach the celebrated well, called St. Bonny's Well, a perpetual spring which bubbles clear and cold from the white depths of the chalky down. In the island they attribute the discovery of this well to a grotesque sort of miracle. A certain bishop, name and see unknown, being on a misty night travelling on the summit of the down, though why and wherefore are questions to which the legend has no reply, suddenly found his steed slipping down the precipice. The horse and his rider were temporarily saved by being caught in the hollow in which this well is to be found. The bishop now vows to St. Boniface, the patron saint of the

place, that if he reaches level ground alive he will dedicate an acre of land in his honour. Apparently St. Boniface, with that good nature which has made him the patron saint of all innkeepers, heard the promise, for that the bishop got down in safety is sufficiently proved by the fact that there is a Bishop's Acre still forming part of the glebe of Bonchurch. It is to be seen at the bottom of the hill.

This well in the middle ages was the climax of a sort of flower pilgrimage. On the feast of St. Boniface, the maidens would bring here votive offerings of the abundant flowers growing in the valley below. And to this day there are people in Bonchurch who believe that whatever you wish, if you keep it a secret when you first drink of the water of the well, is certain to come to pass.

The view from the summit of St. Boniface Down is a panorama of perfect harmony—the far-off sea alive with the reflection of the fleecy clouds, a shifting embroidery of shadow, light, and colour, totally beyond the power of description.

Near the pool the wanderer will find a flight of steps which leads to the Pulpit Rock, a broken mass of cliff 400 feet above the level of the sea. And now coming down past the pool, which is fed by a stream that rises from the down, and runs off underground in two directions, we turn our faces towards Ventnor, not without some friendly glances towards the villagers of Bonchurch, who are perhaps as pleasant a set as you shall meet within the isle; and it must be confessed that the unceasing passage of tourists (a percentage of whom, here as everywhere else, are not sufficiently self-respecting to know their duty to their neighbours), has not tended to make the islanders more than necessarily courteous. However, even a Frenchman was, some two score years since, edified by the courtesy of the people of the island.

M. Louis Simonds, in his journal of a tour and residence in Great Britain, speaks rapturously of the politeness, neatness, and love of order, shown by the villagers of the Isle of Wight:—"The meanest of the cottages," he says, "are adorned with roses, jessamines, and honey-suckles, and often large myrtles. There are vines everywhere against their houses, and often fig trees. We thought the women remarkably good looking. Children and grown people took off their hats or gave us a nod as we passed along."





VENTNOR.

Ventnor.



THE rise of Ventnor is one of the most magical facts in the history of the Isle of Wight. In comparatively recent guides to the isle the name does not occur. There is to be found Ventnor Cove, but no Ventnor. It was simply a small fishing village, beneath the notice of the mappist.

Sixty years since the Crab and Lobster tavern, the New Inn, and three or four fishermen's huts, made up Ventnor. It is of course, now one of the leading towns in the isle; perhaps, taken all the year round, it is the most flourishing. And yet it has no history. It is the metropolis of the Undercliff, and has overwhelmed Bonchurch and converted it into a suburb. But even now it is not a parish in itself, being a parochial outskirt of Newchurch. The only fragment of antiquity about Ventnor is the derivation of its name. Antiquarians with a Celtic turn of mind, deduce this from *gwent*, chalky, and *nor*, shore. But this is just one of those questions which are never quite settled.

It was Sir James Clark who raised Ventnor from a village to a town. Had the doctor been as clever a commercial man as a physician, he would have bought some acres of Ventnor before he gave it an existence. His descendants, should any exist, would at this moment be rich in ground rents.

Knight, speaking of this sudden rise in the destinies of the town, says:—"Forty years ago it contained about half a dozen humble cottages; and until the publication of Sir James Clark's work its few inhabitants were nearly all fishermen. It was the most picturesque spot along the coast. The platform was broken into several uneven terraces. The huge hills towered far up aloft. Down to the broad smooth beach the ground ran in rough slopes, mingled with abrupt banks of rock, along which a brawling rivulet careered gaily towards the sea; and the few fishermen's huts gave a piquant rustic liveliness to all besides. The climate seemed most favourable, and the neighbourhood most agreeable to the invalid. In the open gardens of the cottagers, myrtle and other tender plants flourished abundantly, and without need of protection even in winter; snow hardly ever lay on the ground; sunny and sheltered walks abounded; and the beach was excellent for bathing. Ventnor at once caught the attention of the crowd of visitors; and it was one of the first places to provide them suitable accommodation. In the tiny fishing hamlet soon sprang up hotels, and boarding-houses, and shops, and a church. Invalids came here for a winter retreat, as well as a summer visit. Speculation was stimulated. And now, as Fuller has it, 'the plague of building lighted upon it,' and it spread until every possible spot was planted with some staring building, or row of buildings."

Sir James Clark says of the Ventnor district: "It was a matter of surprise to him, after having fully examined that favoured spot, that the advantages it possessed in so eminent a degree, in

point of shelter and position, should have been so long overlooked in a country like this, whose inhabitants during the last century have been traversing half the globe in search of climate. The physical structure of this singular district has been carefully investigated and described by the geologist, and the beauties of its scenery have been often dwelt upon by the tourist; but its far more important qualities as a winter residence for the delicate invalid seem scarcely to have attracted attention, even from the medical philosopher. Nothing," he continues, "along the south coast will bear a comparison with it, and Torquay is the only place on the south-west coast which will do so. With a temperature nearly the same, the climate of Torquay will be found softer, more humid, and relaxing; while that of the Undercliff will prove drier, somewhat sharper, and more bracing."

Ventnor is municipally governed by a Board of Commissioners, who in their time have built the sea wall and contrived an esplanade. From the sea the town has a wonderful charm for us, but it is only fair to add, that most writers complain bitterly of its general aspect. One of the more recent authorities says:—"We may observe, *en passant*, that in no town in England have builders indulged such monstrous vagaries as in this. There is scarcely a villa of modest or unpretending aspect in the whole town; and to pass through its streets is enough to affect a sensitive architect with a hideous nightmare!" But, for our part, we maintain that the accidental nature of the street architecture of Ventnor is one of its charms.

And is this all that can be said of Ventnor? No—on the beach may be now and again found very clear crystal pebbles. These are Ventnor diamonds. But the truer diamonds are the brightened eyes which are bestowed upon the invalids by the health-giving powers of this town. During the past summer

(1868) an impression drifted abroad that Ventnor, from its enclosed situation, was suffering fearfully from that heat which distinguished the season. On the contrary, in the height of summer it appears to exhibit the meteorological phenomenon of falling below the average temperature of the island as the thermometer rises.

A person of much authority writing on this subject, says:—
 “During the excessively hot weather of July and August, 1868, the temperature here was many degrees lower than in the majority of places in other parts of England, owing mainly to the sea-breeze which, with the regularity of a trade wind, sets in each afternoon, and to the cliffs, east and west, giving so much shade to the town. Thus whilst warm and sheltered in winter, yet in summer the climate here is cool and pleasant, owing to the amount of shade afforded by the locality. During July the greatest out-of-door heat in shade was 78 degrees, and indoors 74 degrees, whilst upwards of 90 degrees was recorded elsewhere.”

It is in winter however, that Ventnor becomes a kind of earthly paradise to the invalid, so sheltered is it by the hills around. These hills then appear to have some power of arresting the heat of the southerly and westerly winds, and radiating it back upon Ventnor, so that when on the other and northern slope of the downs a frost has set in, in Ventnor itself bees are to be seen buzzing from one to another of two score varieties of flowers.

A spot with such qualifications as these requires no history: it speaks for itself.

* * * * *

Leaving Ventnor, the tourist sets out for St. Lawrence, glancing at Ventnor Cove, as he leaves the town of undying summer behind him. In 1793, a traveller, who could say

nothing of Ventnor (for it did not exist), had a few words to say of the cove. The traveller was Wyndham; and he says:—"The little cove of Ventnor is very well known for its romantic scenery, and for a considerable cascade of fine water, which, after turning a corn-mill, falls upon the beach, as well as for its crab and lobster fishery, all of which are destined for the London markets."

The tourist has to keep a very sharp look out for the little church of St. Lawrence—the smallest in the isle certainly, and we believe the smallest parish church in the United Kingdom. Being surrounded by trees, he may, if he takes the lower road, pass the building without seeing it. The communion table, reading desk, pulpit, and pews, are all pushed up together; and as there is no vestry, the minister leaves his vestments on the communion rails between the services. In summer time the tiny windows on the south side, and the south door (the only one), are left open, and the church is ingeniously enlarged by means of an awning and a few forms. It is to be regretted that some years since the incumbent felt himself under the necessity of setting up a board reproving tourists, recommending them to keep holy the Sabbath, and requesting them not to interrupt the service. One feels that perhaps it were better that any interruption to the service should be patiently borne (a process which might lead the offender to a silent repentance at the end of a mile's walk), than that a feeling of anger should be created by this board, which is regularly brought out with fine weather. Time has dulled the pointed reproof, but it is still demonstrative enough to jarr with the beautiful landscape, the murmur of prayer, and the sweet serenity which pervades the spot when the quaint half open-air service is progressing.

The church is barely six feet to the eaves, and it is only twenty-five feet four inches long, by eleven feet broad; and,

indeed, before the *enlargement*, by the late Earl of Yarborough, it was only twenty feet long.

One John Green, of St. Lawrence, who flourished in 1835, was moved to poetic expression over the minuteness of this parish church. Excusing ourselves for the act, we offer a copy of these verses.

ON ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH;

Being the smallest in the British Dominions.

“This Church has often drawn the curious eye,
To see its length and breadth, to see how high;
At length to measure it, ’twas my intent,
That I might certify its full extent.
Its breadth from side to side, above the bench,
Is just eleven feet and half an inch;
Its height from pavement to the ceiling mortar,
Eleven feet, four inches, and a quarter;
And its length from East to the West end,
I tell the truth to you, you may depend;
Twenty-five feet, four inches, quarters three,
Is just its measurement as you may see.
And situated close to the high road,
Here you may join in pray’r, and worship God;
And though the building is so low and small,
You may be near to heaven, as at St. Paul.
It stands firm on some consecrated ground,
Fenc’d with a wall, and ivy growing round;
Its length is sixty feet, breadth forty-two,
And there the dead do meet to wait for you.”

Leaving St. Lawrence, we are fairly on our way to Blackgang Chine, and the effect produced by that desolate example of nature, if we may be permitted the expression, is enhanced by the walk between St. Lawrence and Chale. No pen—not even that of Ruskin, or of the poet whose residence we are nearing—that of Tennyson—could adequately describe the marvellous charm of the mingled pastoral and grand which here reigns in perfection. On the one hand breaks of grassy slopes leading to the sea; on the other the undu-

lating line of the cliff, piled up in a sort of mockery, as it were, of the builder's art. One moment the sea is stretched before you, the next it is hidden by a sweep of trees, or luxurious garden. A turn to the right, and you are brought abreast of the cliff; another turn in the road, and the cliff is behind you, and the sea is seen between two large clumps of beech. The ivy here is a tapestry, spreading over ground, trees, hedges, the very cliff itself revelling in its favoured growth. Suddenly another turn in the road, and you are bathed in a tender toned shadow. Looking up you find that it is due to some meeting beech trees, the transparent leaves of which offer the most exquisite passage for light in the whole range of the world of leaves; and so the tourist passes Old Park and Mirables, (the latter well named), and comes out by St. Catherine's Lighthouse. And here the Undercliff opens out once again into a wild and broken panorama, ending in the great waste and frowning mafs called Blackgang.



Blackgang Chine.



O our thinking, nothing in all English scenery is so ghastly and horror-inspiring as this place. It is the more fearful that it is in juxtaposition to so many natural beauties. The very fancy bazaar through which the scene is reached, the stalls of fossils and rock specimens tended by a smiling girl, all the vulgar evidences of the anticipation of visitors, but aid in promoting the feeling of desolation which comes upon the spectator when he has left humanity behind him and is alone. Not a tree or shrub tames the primeval savagery of this place. Adown in the basin the wanderer finds one or two scattered ferns, and he welcomes them as friends. The effect of the Blackgang—a term said to be derived from the tone of its general colour, and *gang*, a way (the black road)—and its savage desolation, cannot be experienced if viewed in company: one must be alone—not during moonlight, for moonlight poeticises the chasm, but at twilight or day-break, when the



BLACKGANG CHINE.

shadows lie long and pointed over the silent waste. Within its grasp it has not one redeeming feature of beauty, not one lovely line nor soft undulation. All is dank, dark, humanless. And this is how the world appeared before vegetation arose, when no life was on the land, and light had but commenced its vivifying work. One remembers the suggestions of life and humanity at Shanklin, and is glad to get away from the scene; rising above it upon the return walk, a sense of relief is experienced. It is to us a cause for marvelling that tourists, notably brides and bridegrooms, can remain a whole honeymoon in the presence of this abomination of desolation. It is a sight worth seeing, but not one which the tourist, as a rule, wishes to witness a second time.

"Ah, sir," says a pleasant old woman, "you should have seen the Blackgang when *I* was a girl. It was then worth seeing. It tumbled in when I was a young maid, an' there be nothing left of it now." Nothing left of it! Then what must it have once been?

The date of the last great downfall of the Blackgang is not known with precision, for at that time it was not the lion it has since become, and the neighbouring Ventnor had not sprung into existence. But there can be little hesitation in fixing it at about 1799, for in that year a very remarkable landslip occurred in the land lying behind it, the effect of which must have been felt by the tottering masses of the Blackgang. The subsidence occurred at a farm called Pitlands, lying on the boundary line between Chale and Niton. An area of 100 acres was observed to be in motion, and continued so during two successive days, directing its course towards the sea in nearly a direct line. The changes which took place upon the surface were extremely curious, as there was scarcely a square yard but altered its appearance, both rocks and trees shifting

their situations, and forming as confused a scene as if the ground had been convulsed by an earthquake. In many places the earth sunk to the depth of thirty or forty feet; and a cottage which had been tastefully fitted up as a prospect house, was partly thrown down and buried in the fissures; the ground then began to move, and the lands of the farm, being pressed on by the descending mass, were torn from their original foundations, and suddenly moved forward till all further progress was stopped by the stability of a ridge of rocks, which, like an opposing barrier, prevented the wreck from rushing headlong into the sea.

In 1810-11, the year of the great landslips between Shanklin and Bonchurch, another subsidence took place; and again, about twenty years since, a slip of country, about a mile south of Niton, moved sufficiently to give the idea of land which had been convulsed by an earthquake. A house was engulfed by that catastrophe.

Observed from the sea, much of the defolation of the Blackgang departs, atmosphere no doubt tending to ameliorate its aspect. Mantell, the geologist of the island, thus speaks of the chine under these circumstances:—

“Viewed from the sea at low water, especially when the springs which feed the waterfall have been swollen by heavy rains, the effect is highly picturesque. The cascade falls in a perpendicular column from a ledge seventy feet high, down the midst of a deep chasm, formed in dark ferruginous clays and sands, and surmounted by broken cliffs 400 feet high, and towering above all is the majestic escarpment of St. Catherine’s Hill, rising to an altitude of between 800 and 900 feet. The bands of greenish-grey sand and sandstone, which alternate with ferruginous clays in this division of the green-sand system, appear very prominent, owing to the wearing away of the soft and

friable intermediate beds. As the face of the sandstone after long exposure to the atmosphere separates into square blocks, the appearance of the projecting bands of stone, which are from ten to fifteen feet thick, is very singular, and is not inaptly compared by Sir Henry Englefield to courses of masonry built up at different heights to sustain the mouldering cliffs. The thin layer of ironstone grit which is very constantly found in this division of the green-sand, constituting as it were a line of demarcation between the upper arenaceous deposits and the lower more argillaceous group, intercepts the water that percolates through the upper porous strata, and projecting in a ledge forms the bed of the stream that falls in a cascade over the face of the cliff."

Wyndham, an earlier writer, gives a very prosaic account of the Blackgang. "The chine is on the west declivity of St. Catherine's Hill (769 feet), and its upper appearance is not far below its high summit; two currents, from distant parts of this hill, have made their way to its brow, and from this height have excavated two large separate chafms, but their waters form a junction at the base of a high prominent point, the sides of which have been worn away by the respective torrents. The chafms at this point become one, and consequently much deepened; from whence the united waters more rapidly hurry down the steep channel for about 200 yards, till they arrive at an impenetrable precipice of rock (a layer of ironstone grit), from whence they fall in a perpendicular cascade of 70 feet upon the shore."

The Blackgang however, has its romance. Pennant says:—"The country people in these parts once thought that they were possessed of a Pactolian sand, for they obtained for a certain time some gold dust from the sand of the bay; but, from a number of dollars having been from time to time cast on

shore, it was justly suspected that it came from the wreck of some unfortunate Spanish ship."

Not the only vessel to break up hereabouts was the Spanish galleon. Chale churchyard is a mute record of the going down of men into the sea; and under these cliffs, on October 11th, 1836, the good ship *Clarendon* was lost. Of a crew of seventeen, together with eleven passengers, all except three were drowned.

Up, out of the chine, and so through the bazaar, where the only appropriate object to be found is the skeleton of an enormous whale, also wrecked in this neighbourhood.

Leaving the silent pass, it is well to go up upon St. Catherine's Hill, the highest ground in the island. On the summit of this noble mount are the towers which form a splendid landmark. The wind is never at peace at the top of St. Catherine's, so named because of a hermitage founded there in the fourteenth century, and dedicated to St. Catherine as the patroness saint of all high elevations. In the registers of Winchester reference will be found to this windy hermitage—no spot for a self-indulgent hermit. Thus runs the registration:—"Walter de Langftrell, admissus ad heritorium supra montem de Chale, in insula Vectis, idib. Octobris, A.D. 1312." "Walter de Langftrell, admitted to the hermitage at the summit of Chale mount, in the Isle of Wight."

Worsley, speaking of what happened when the site was cleared for the erection of a new landmark, says:—"The foundation of the whole chapel was also cleared and levelled; by which, not only its figure was discovered, but also the floor and stone hearth of the priest's little cell at the south-west corner."

Mantell has also something to say of St. Catherine's:—"It is the western extremity of the southern range of chalk downs, which is separated by a considerable district of green-sand from

the central chain of hills. This system of chalk downs varies in breadth from half-a-mile to three miles, and extends six miles in a direction E.N.E. and W.S.W., from St. Catherine's Hill to Dunnose, its eastern termination, which is 771 feet high. The intermediate parts of this range maintain an elevation of from 650 to 800 feet, with the exception of a deep valley on the east of St. Catherine's, through which the road to Niton passes, and another at Steep Hill, called the Shute, or Shoot, above Ventnor, traversed by the road to Appuldurcombe and Newport."

Cook, in his "New Picture of the Isle of Wight," says, "Sometimes, in the clearest weather, may be seen even the highest part of the French coast, adjoining Cherbourg; but this is rare, to the sight even of the party stationed at the Signal House." We however, doubt this statement.

And now we descend to the head of the Blackgang once again. The appearance of this spot, with its bazaar and attendants, differs strangely from a description of it sixty years ago, which runs as follows:—"Here, on the highest side of the dreadful precipice, on a narrow ledge of land not many yards from the farthest projection of the rock, that descends perpendicularly near 500 feet, is the hut of a shepherd, whose family braves the conflicting elements in the most dreadful seasons.

"The chine may, with some little trouble, be descended, following the progress of the stream as it makes its way to the beach below. This will be necessary in order to enjoy the two grand views that the chine affords. Those who cannot take the trouble, will however, by descending but a little distance, have some idea of the upper view, from which, among an uncommon display of rugged scenery and impending crags, they will enjoy outwards a fine prospect extending to the Needles.

“The cliff being of a softer quality lower down, its trickling inwards, and occasional dashing over some jutting pieces of rock, has hollowed a cavity some yards within the falling stream; so that we may stand inside, and looking through the shower that falls without, admire its prismatic colours when opposed to the sun’s rays, or receive its gentle dropping on our heads, a natural shower bath.


“This cavern has a solemn and an almost awful aspect, having the black mineral-like appearance that pervades the cliffs above. The strata have the resemblance of an ascent of gigantic steps, whence, probably, and from its frowning aspect, it derives its name. An adjoining chine, of much inferior magnitude, is known by the name of *Ladder Chine*, from the same appearance of the strata which characterises the cliffs of Chale Bay for a considerable extent.”





CARISBROOK CASTLE.

Carisbrook and its Castle.

“ DO not think,” wrote Keats, “I shall ever see a ruin to surpass Carisbrook Castle. The trench is overgrown with the smoothest turf, and the walls with ivy. The keep within is one bower of ivy; a colony of jackdaws has been there for many years. I dare say I have seen many a descendant of some old cower who peeped through the bars at Charles I., when he was there in confinement.”

Carisbrook Castle has done its work. There is no longer any need for the protection of frowning and armed mountain of stones; and therefore old castles are all crumbling to decay—beautiful, solemn, peaceful, silent, and dead.

Carisbrook possesses for the historian the great charm of being the last feudal stronghold in which a struggle took place between the declining power of the few, and the rising power of the many, for it was here the rash, if brave, Charles Stuart threw his last stake, and lost.

Carisbrook is about a mile and-a-half from Newport, and is situated upon a peculiarly round hill—a *glacis* in itself, such a one as may have given the idea of the artificial defence to the soldier who first brought it into practical use. The general appearance as seen from the road, is strikingly picturesque. The strong outline of its ruined wall and towering keep, the abrupt sweep down towards the valley, the whole backed by Bowcombe Downs, yield a massive panorama.

The origin of the castle is traced to the Saxons. But we doubt much if this decision is to be admitted. If Newport really does present all the evidences in its outlines of a large Roman town, it is evident that a Roman camp could not have been far away. And as a Roman camp was always fixed upon a hill when that position was practicable, and the hill upon which Carisbrook stands was well situated, answered all the conditions required by a Roman general, and was within twenty javelins' cast of Newport, it is probable that a Roman camp was the first shape of fortification which was built here—if, indeed, such a camp was not preceded by Celtic entrenchments.

The supposition, in reference to a Roman camp, is to some extent strengthened by the recent discovery of a tessellated Roman pavement in the grounds of Carisbrook parsonage. Some workmen were digging here in 1858, when their labours led to the discovery of the pavement in question. Antiquarians were soon on the spot, and the evident remains of a Roman villa at once were perceived. The Romans knew how to choose sites. A hill sheltered the rear of the villa, before it lay the valley of the Medina, while the protective camp on the summit of the hill of Carisbrook, guaranteed it from the danger of a sudden enemy sailing up the river. The villa—by its size—must have belonged to a person of the very highest distinction. The tessellated pavement, open

once more to the light, is very beautiful, and still retains much of the brilliancy of its original colouring. Her Majesty the Queen, upon her frequent visits to Carisbrook, which take place generally with members of the royal family, but sometimes with visitors to Osborne, has on several occasions inspected this pavement, while during one visit the royal pencil was occupied for some time in making a drawing of this remarkable evidence of Roman supremacy.

The Rev. Edward Kell, M.A., has devoted much time and critical acumen to prove that the Roman occupation of the Isle of Wight was important and long continued. The discovery of the Carisbrook Roman pavement, six years after this gentleman had published his impressions, helped considerably to substantiate his views in connection with the Roman sway in Wight. Mr. Kell maintains his belief not only upon the evidence of coins of the conformation of Newport, but upon the still existing names of streets in that town. For instance, he urges that Pyle Street is the corruption of *pylum*, a gate, or port. Within the past hundred years Pyle Street was the one way out of Newport towards Ryde, by means of the ford at the bottom of that street. Mr. Kell maintains, obscurely however, that Lugley Street is from *lux*; while Crocker Street reminds him of *crocus*—yellow. Much more rational is his argument to the effect that Scarrot's Lane is from *scarrofus*, rough.

The existing architecture of the castle may be divided into three distinct periods. The first is Saxon, and includes part of the keep containing fragments which it has been demonstrated must be of 1,200 years antiquity. To this succeeds the architecture of the Norman Conquest, about which time the area of the castle appears to have been much extended. The final period is referable to the reign of Elizabeth, when in anticipa-

tion of the inimical position Spain was evidently about to take up, all the latest advances in fortification and defence were rapidly applied to this important stronghold. These additions chiefly took the shape of outworks, and modifications of the outer angles of the walls, and resulted in bringing the circumference of the fortrefs up to three quarters of a mile, the whole enclosing an area of about twenty acres.

The tourist reaches Carisbrook Castle from Newport by the Mall, and crossing the brook, which together with *caer*, a stronghold, gives the name to the castle, he is at liberty to ascend the steep road which leads to it.

By the way, it was in this brook that a scion of royalty a year or so back took an unexpected bath. The Prince Arthur, accompanying other members of the royal family, was at this point, the intersection of the road and brook, thrown from his pony, fortunately to have his fall broken by a splash in the shallow water.

"And is there anything else remarkable about the brook?" we ask.

"Oh, yes," says our informant, who, living so near the great show place, Carisbrook, is necessarily somewhat in the nature of a guide—"Oh, yes, when there is rain the brook here where we stand is worth seeing, for the water coming down from Carisbrook is chalky white, the rain from the road is yellow with gravel, and the brook comes down from the lake bright as before, and 'tis strange to see how they battle before they mix."

Reaching the gateway, having got past the pickets in the way of greedy pioneers and boys with horrid gritty landscapes, made from the beautiful sands of Alum Bay, the tourist finds himself under the shadow of the gateway of Elizabeth's time. The guide-books tell you that you can see the letters

E. R., and the date 1598 on the outer walls. Recent years have fretted these evidences from the face of the building. Now crossing the stone bridge which spans the moat—a rare expanse of which the flora of Wight avails itself to luxuriate at pleasure, we reach a heavy gateway, grooved for portcullis, and closed with the ancient iron-studded gates, now hastening fast to decay. The tourist may have read that the escutcheon of the Woodville family is to be seen over the gateway. Certainly it requires good eyes to see this heraldry. The escutcheon and the white rose of the house of York, once carved on these walls, have long since been peeled by frost and time from the surface of the stone.

An echoing knock brings a well-dressed janitor to the door, who admits you silently to the interior of the building. To the left, and up a few broken steps, you find what was once a suite of apartments. There are still the remains of fire-places and chimneys, which might be put to use. They long since grew cold. These crumbling stones are all that remain of the rooms in which Charles I. passed some of the bitter months which preceded his more bitter end. The guide points out a window as that from which the king tried to escape. Hillier however, maintains that the true window “was blocked up in after alterations, but is nevertheless easily recognisable on the exterior of the wall, looking from the moat, as it nearly adjoins the only buttress on that side of the castle.”

The history of Charles Stuart is told by Gilpin. He says:—“Colonel Hammond, into whose power Charles threw himself, was then governor of the Isle of Wight. He seems to have been a man of humanity,* and while his hands were untied to

* One authority however, states that Hammond was prepared to shoot the king while trying to escape, had Charles succeeded in passing the window of his dungeon.

have been disposed to show the king every civility in his power. Charles took his exercise on horse-back where he pleased, though his motions were probably observed; and as the Parliament had granted him £5,000 a year, he lived for a few months in something like royal state.

“But this liberty was very soon abridged. His chaplains and servants were first taken from him; then his going abroad in the island gave offence; and soon after his intercourse with anybody but those set about him was checked. So solitary was his confinement, during a greater part of this time, that as he was standing one day near the gate of the castle with Sir Philip Warwick, he pointed to an old decrepit man walking across one of the courts, and said, ‘That man is sent every morning to light my fire, and he is the best companion I have had for many months.’

“All this severe ill-usage Charles bore with patience and equanimity, and endeavoured as much as possible, to keep his mind employed. He had ever been impressed with serious thoughts of religion, which his misfortunes had now strengthened and confirmed. Devotion, meditation, and study of the Scriptures, were his great consolation. The few books he had brought with him to the castle were chiefly on religious subjects, or of a serious cast. Among them was ‘Hooker’s Ecclesiastical Polity.’ This book, it is probable, he had studied with great attention, as it related much to the national question of that time, in which no man was better versed. In his slender catalogue we find also two books of amusement: Tasso’s ‘Jerusalem,’ and Spenser’s ‘Faery Queen.’

“His exercise was now much abridged. As horse exercise was refused, he spent two or three hours every morning in walking on the castle ramparts. Here he enjoyed at least a fine air, and an extensive prospect; though every object he saw, the flocks

straying carelessly on one side, and the ships sailing freely on the other, put him in mind of that liberty of which he was so cruelly deprived. In the mean time, he was totally careless of his person; he let his beard and hair grow, and was inattentive to his dress.

“During the time of his imprisonment in Carisbrook Castle, three attempts were made, chiefly by the gentlemen of the island, to rescue him. Lord Clarendon gives us the detail of two of them; but a third, which he had heard of, he supposes to be a mere fiction. As it is mentioned however, in the Worsley papers, with every mark of authenticity, and as one of the principal conductors of it was a gentleman of that family, there seems to be little doubt of its being a fact. The following is an abstract of it:—

“By a correspondence privately settled with some gentlemen in the island, it was agreed, that the king should let himself down by a cord from a window of his apartment. A swift horse with a guide, was to wait for him at the bottom of the ramparts; and a vessel in the offing was to be ready to convey him where he pleased. The chief difficulty was how the king should get through the iron bars of his window. But Charles assured them he had tried the passage, and did not doubt but it was sufficiently large. But on the sign being given, and the king beginning the attempt, he soon found he had made a false calculation. Having protruded his head and shoulders, he could get no farther; and what was worse, he could not draw himself back. His friends at the bottom heard him groan in his distress, but were unable to relieve him. At length however, by repeated efforts, he got himself disengaged; but made at that time no further attempt. Afterwards he contrived to saw the bars of his window asunder: and another scheme was laid; but the particulars of this Lord Clarendon details.

“The treaty of Newport soon after followed ; after which Charles was seized by the army, and carried a prisoner to Hurst Castle. In his way thither he met Mr. Worsley, one of the gentlemen who risked his life for him at Carisbrook. Charles wrung his hand with affection, and pulling his watch out of his pocket, gave it to him, saying, ‘That is all my gratitude has to give.’

“This watch is still preserved in the family. It is of silver, large and clumsy in its form. The case is neatly ornamented with filigree ; but the movements are of very ordinary workmanship, and wound up with catgut.”

To return to the castle. On the right upon entering may be seen the ruins of a chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas, built during the last century upon the site of the original chapel founded by Fitz-Osbert.

The *Bowling Green*, or *Tilt Yard*, which now comes into view, was constructed by Hammond for the use of the imprisoned King. This bowling green is as perfect at this moment as though it had only been laid down a year or two since ; as perfect as when Charles played upon it ; as when his daughter Elizabeth, who delighted in bowls, rolled her last bowl over the smooth grass.

Before the tourist, as he enters the castle yard, are the governor’s apartments, of which the following account is given in the *Builder* :—“The plain, indeed the somewhat ugly mansion which faces you as you enter, appears to have been modernised out of the original *Hall*, and divided into two stories. It was formerly connected with the keep by a strong wall. During the recent repairs—ably directed by Mr. Hardwicke, the architect—many interesting details, hitherto concealed, have been discovered. A stalwart chimney, and one of the ancient windows on the side opposite to the keep, may now

be seen. The *smaller* of the *two* chapels which once existed within the castle precincts—the chapel erected by Isabella de Fortibus—has been brought to light. The side window remains, and the beautiful arcade on both sides, but of the east window there is no trace but the position of the fill; it is now occupied by the great staircase which Lord Cutts put up when he repaired the governor's residence."

And it is adjoining this modernised mansion, where now live the custodians, and on the left, that the grandest remains of the castle are to be seen. The great room, probably once a banquetting hall, is vast in size, and here it is that Her Majesty takes a picnic tea when she visits the place. The woodwork is still found, and the plaster being very white offers an irresistible temptation to tourists to inscribe their names, which swarm over the walls of this part of the castle.

In one case however, a foreigner, with some artistic power, has drawn a coat-of-arms and a motto high upon the wall. The arms are composed of a Maltese cross upon a curtain. The motto, *Un pour Tous—Tous pour Un*. Done heavily in crayon, the design starts out upon the bareness of the long melancholy room, with an intensity which at once arrests attention.

On another part of the wall may be found these lines:—

"See how the mighty shrink into a song."—BYRON.

"Ye who may ramble round these crumbling walls,
See in what way grim ruin is appeased;
Now banished are the boisterous festivals,
The giddy dance, and they whom it hath pleased,
And desolation stalketh, heart diseased;
And see how folly's revelry is flown,
Leaving behind an emptiness, increased
By the dull dropping of some crumbling stone.
The plaster name-affailed, and they who scribbled gone."

A witty Frenchman has pronounced upon the many names of unknowns to be found here as follows, on a conspicuous part of the wall:—

“ Les noms des fous
On trouve partout.”

By a handsome staircase, the visitor after leaving the great hall, reaches a suite of rooms, ending in a bay window. But it is not to see these that he ascends; it is to peer into the room in which died the hapless Princess Elizabeth, the innocent victim, crushed between a king and a people in antagonism. It is a low square room, lit by the one window under which the princess was found dead—a desolate dungeon, and the bedroom of a princess. Doubtless the poor child was imprisoned in this room because of its safety and seclusion. There was no window from which an attempt could be made to escape, and the room was far away from the outer walls of the castle. The flooring is now so dangerous that the visitor is not allowed to go beyond the gateway; and one experiences a strange sense of intrusion when looking in at the door. Between the parted walls and ceiling the ivy has crept in to look upon the scene. It is pale, sickly-looking, straggling—indeed the young imprisoned ivy is singularly typical of the imprisonment of Elizabeth Stuart, whose sweet features in marble are to be seen in the new church of St. Thomas à Becket, at Newport.

It is almost a relief to quit this part of the castle, and get once more out into the open-air again.

And here, round the corner, is the celebrated well-house. Who has not heard of the wonderful well of Carisbrook Castle? of fabulous depth, and the water of which is rather expensively drawn up by a donkey, kept to that end. This well is comparatively modern, for tradition speaks of the well in the keep, which as the citadel to which the besieged would retreat in

case of necessity, had to be provided with water, happen what might. The well-house of the more modern well was built in the fifteenth century, but it has been restored and repaired within the last ten years.

Knight says, "One of the most curious things in the castle is *the* other well, which is above 300 feet deep. The visitor is shown into the well-house (near the entrance); and while he is noticing the singular appearance of the room, one side of which is occupied by an enormous wooden wheel, a small lamp is lighted; and after being told to mark the time that elapses before a glass of water that is thrown down strikes against the bottom of the well, the lamp is lowered by means of a small windlass, making, as he watches its descent, a circle of light continually lessening till the lamp is seen to float on the surface of the water, at a depth that makes him almost dizzy. A grave old donkey is then introduced, who quietly walks into the huge treadwheel, which he anon begins to turn—as curs in days of yore turned spits—whereby the bucket is lowered and drawn up again, which feat being accomplished, Jacob very soberly walks out again."

Common honesty compels us to state that the well is not so deep as here stated to be. Inclusive of the water varying from 30 to 40 feet, the depth is not more than 200. Some extraordinary tales are told of the longevity of the donkeys used in the well-house. Several are spoken of as having worked through twenty-six years; and an old authority speaks of an animal which died in 1771, after having drawn innumerable buckets of water during the forty-seven years through which it is stated his industry lasted.

We are bound to confess, that from enquiries made on the spot, we found that the average duration of a donkey's pilgrimage in the wheel is about ten years. And, furthermore, we

may state that the donkey of this period (1868) showed in our presence great intelligence by a very decided disinclination to get into the hollow drum, and a stronger disinclination when he had been persuaded thereto, to move on.

By the way, one of the donkeys of the dynasty was a pensioner of the Duke of Gloucester, uncle of George III., who settled on it an annuity of a penny loaf a day; a bounty which it enjoyed for many years.

As for the water, it is worth a journey to the Isle of Wight to drink it. So pure is this sparkling natural champagne, that its freshness renders it a medicinal water then and there.

And now the eye falls upon the most picturesque flight of steps (a mass of beautiful broken lines—tree-shadow and sunshine) that can be found even in an old English castle. 'Tis exquisite. The guide books give the exact number of steps, 72, and if you count them you will find that the flight is one short. This is the way to the keep, the vital point of the castle in the middle ages, when the beacon was lighted, and the look-out rigorously kept. Implacable time has left his mark upon it. The well is choked up, the terrace is bramble-grown, the roof fallen in, and yet it is only three hundred years since most of these turrets and look-outs were built. They are due to the dread of the Spanish Armada, and the genius of Genobella, an Italian engineer, who took for his model the fortifications of Antwerp, a city which had had much experience in fighting. That keep, which is now so quiet, was alive with hundreds of willing workers while the panic lasted. Elizabeth contributed £4,000, the gentry of the island £400—not a great sum, seeing what vital interests they had in the operations—and every man in the island gave his labours to it. The keep and castle have been invaded at last. The daws and tourists have besieged it, and thy hold possession of the stronghold still.

It is possible to make almost the circuit of the castle by means of the old ramparts, now narrow and weed-grown, yet still as firm as when first laid—nay, firmer. Time is eating away the castle at its edges, beautifully rounding and dimpling its face, but it has not yet torn its walls asunder.

Leaving the castle, it is well to wander down to Carisbrook church, a noble specimen of Early English. The cure is a vicarage, bestowed by Charles II. upon Queen's College, Oxford, and is worth over a thousand a year. This church has a rival in the parish called *St. Nicholas within the Castle*, a mere sinecure (in the gift of the governor), and therefore worth having, although only of the annual value of £24.

The bells of Carisbrook are eight, and very beautiful. The church contains one of those monuments which have ceased to be added to in our time. It was raised to one Captain William Keeling; he is represented sitting on the deck of a ship, with a crown of glory over him. *Fides* (Faith) is written on the sail; on the compass, *Verbum Dei* (the Word of God); and on the anchor, *Spes* (Hope). The inscription below the ship informs us that he died in 1619. It thus quaintly concludes:—

“FORTIE and two years in this vessel frail,
On the rough sea of life did KEELING sail;
A merchant fortunate, a captain bould,
A courtier gracious, yet alas! not old.
Such wealth, experience, honor, and high praise,
Few winne in twice so manie years or daies;
But what the world admired he deemed drosse,
For Christ—without Christ all his gains but losse;
For him and his dear love, with merrie cheere,
To the *Holy Land* his last course he did steere;
Faith served for sails—the *Sacred Word* for card,
Hope was his anchor, *Glory* his reward;
And thus with gales of grace, by happy venter
Thro' *straits* of Death—HEAVEN'S harbor he did enter!”

In quitting Carisbrook, let us do the parliamentarians justice by saying that there is no honest evidence to show that it was ever in contemplation to apprentice the Princess Elizabeth to a button-maker at Newport, while in reference to the cause of her death, a recent examination of the remains proves that her end was a result of such natural constitutional decay as no treatment could have arrested. We cannot do better than end this chapter with a copy of the princess's account of her last interview with her ill-fated father.

“What the king said to me 29th of January last, being the last time I had the happiness to see him.

“He told me that he was glad I was come, for, though he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he wished to say to me, which he could not to another, and he had feared ‘the cruelty’ was too great to permit his writing. ‘But sweetheart,’ he added, ‘thou wilt forget what I tell thee.’ Then shedding abundance of tears, I told him I would write down all he said to me. ‘He wished me,’ he said, ‘not to grieve and torment myself for him, for it was a glorious death he should die, it being for the laws and religion of the land.’ He told me what books to read against Popery. He said, that ‘he had forgiven all his enemies, and he hoped God would forgive them also;’ and he commanded us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters to forgive them also. Above all, he bade me tell my mother that ‘his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love for her would be the same to the last;’ withal, he commanded me and my brother to love her, and be obedient to her. He desired me ‘not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr; and that he doubted not but God would restore the throne to his son, and that then we should be all happier than we possibly could have been, if he had lived;’ with many other things, which I cannot remember.

“Then, taking my brother Gloucester on his knee, he said, ‘Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father’s head;’ upon which the child looked very steadfastly upon him. ‘Heed, my child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king. But mark what I say: you must not be a king as long as your brothers Charles and James live; therefore I charge you, do not be made king by them.’ At which the child, sighing deeply, replied, ‘I will be torn in pieces first.’ And these words coming from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly; and his majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God and He would provide for him. All which the young child earnestly promised.

“His majesty also bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters. So after giving me his blessing, I took my leave.”

And so we take leave of Carisbrook.

“Time, by his gradual touch,
Has moulder’d into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frown’d with all its battlements,
Was only terrible.”



Environs of Carisbrook and Newport.



NEWPORT having been one of the first towns in English history to discover the value of extra-mural burial, it is quite natural to find that its garrison, its prison, and its union, or rather House of Industry (a far less formidable title), are all situated outside the town. The prison was the outgrowth of the barracks, which, established at Parkhurst, a mile and a half from Newport, in 1798, were named after the site, until they were changed to the Albany, in honour of the commander-in-chief, the Duke of York and Albany. It is said that the arrangements at these barracks are only surpassed by the system in operation at Woolwich. There is accommodation for about 2,000 men.

It was only so late as 1838 that the prison was established. The scheme was for the formation of a reformatory for juvenile offenders. In fact, this jail was one of the very earliest reformatories organised. A second prison, for adult offenders, was

afterwards added. These together offer accommodation for 700 prisoners, which is, however, rarely accepted by more than 400 at any one time. The system in use in both prisons is rather conciliatory than coercive, and it has been attended with really satisfactory results. The endeavour to counteract crime through the medium of education has here had a marked success.

The trio of public buildings at Parkhurst is completed by the House of Industry, which, established in 1790, is conducted under a local act. There can be little doubt that the system pursued here, as the name indicates, is one which anticipated the scheme which in recent years has been gradually and successfully applied to the workhouses of England—a scheme which endeavours to make the union system in some degree self-supporting. The House of Industry will contain 700 guests, but, like its neighbour, the prison, is rarely patronized by more than 400. It is surrounded by a garden farm of eighty acres, which is kept in good order by the inmates; the younger of whom are taught various trades in shops forming part of the establishment, the produce of the manufactured goods from which forms not a small item in the income of the place.

Thorne says of the adjacent scenery:—"The country around Carisbrook is very lovely. There are delicious green lanes, where the trees interlace overhead and form an exquisite roof to the informal avenue; there are again lone farm-houses, shaded by lofty spreading elms, and environed by broad tilths of wheat; little playful brooks running wild among the alder spotted meadows, and downy heights with wide-spread prospects, and shadowy copses, peopled only by the merry song-birds. You might roam about here for weeks, and not exhaust the affluence of gentle pastoral loveliness."

Newtown is some miles from Newport, but to the politician it is worth a musing visit. An extract from an old account of the Isle of Wight will give an idea of what Newtown was:—"This town derives its name from the circumstance of its being rebuilt after its destruction by the French in the reign of Richard the Second. It is very small, reduced to about a dozen *cottages*, though it was formerly of considerable extent, and it is deemed to be one of the most ancient places in the island. The town-hall stands on an eminence overlooking the harbour. In the principal room are oaken chairs, curiously carved in the time of Queen Bess of prosperous memory. It is a chapelry to the mother church. The haven is the best in the island. At high water vessels of considerable tonnage may ride there with the utmost safety. The town has a corporation of mayor and burgesses; but what is somewhat remarkable, this body does not consist of the inhabitants, but of the proprietors of certain tenures, which entitle them to a vote in the election of two members of parliament. Thus like Old Sarum, it has its portion in the legislature of Great Britain."

Now Newtown is what it should be. The Reform Act swept it away nearly forty years since. It is a little faded, sleepy, broken-down village. And once it was the chief place on the island, and returned two members to Parliament.

And while at Newport the visitor should give an hour to Gatcomb, for in its church, dedicated to St. Olave, is to be found, on the north side of the chancel, the figure of a man carved in wood, which is called the old wooden saint, but is probably a representation of one of the family of the Lisles. In fact, the figure is that of a Knight Templar, very remarkable from being accompanied by a dwarf winged angel, or good genius, watching at the shoulder; the idea of which most certainly came from the East with the Crusaders.

Shorwell.



LEAVING Blackgang behind him, the tourist may now take the military road which runs in a direct line to Freshwater. It is a desolate road. War having fortunately been absent, the weeds have sprung up apace, and one shall find thistles six feet in height. Such a sight would be a melancholy one were the road a road of peace; but being what it is, a highway of war, may the thistles flourish! As a mere means of communication, nothing can be more objectionable than this military road. Walking on shingle were far preferable. Certainly in parts this structure rises to the heroic. Some of the viaducts over the chines which cut it at right angles are almost Roman in their scope and style.

If we break away from this direct but stony highway, and face to the right, we shall reach the charming village of Shorwell, a perfect nest of ruralities.

Shorwell is the paradise of shady lanes, while its church—not very important in itself, although it contains one or two interesting brasses—is rendered charming by its setting of trees. In the high noon of summer one has never far to go to find shade in Shorwell. It is a village park. In addition to the church, our artist has chosen for illustration one of these Shorwell lanes—its mossy banks thick with ferns and flowers, and the branches meeting overhead.

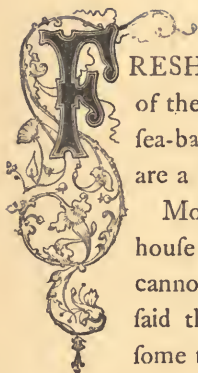


LANE AT SHORWELL.



FRESHWATER BAY.

Freshwater.



FRESHWATER, rendered famous by the residence of the poet Tennyson, is the most rural of the great sea-bathing points in the island—its trellised houses are a sight to see.

Most people who visit Freshwater ask for the house of the poet. It is so buried in trees that it cannot be seen except by trespassing, of which it is said the poet so bitterly complains that he had it some time since in contemplation to quit the island.

But we venture to suppose that many of those who may be suddenly espied from Farringford strolling up the sweep to the house, are not so much trespassers as unintentional offenders, who find the gate open, and take the road for a public one, the poet not having put up an intimation that the grounds are private.

“And have you ever seen Mr. Tennyson?” we ask a little girl.

“Oh yes, Sir. He goes about by himself in the lanes, with a great big brown hat on.”

But to return to the description of Freshwater Bay and Cliffs. An old authority says:—"These cliffs are remarkable for the prodigious numbers of aquatic birds which frequent them, more particularly resorting there from May to August, to deposit their eggs amongst the crevices between the shelving strata, at a great height, and yet considerably below the summit of these perpendicular precipices. Here many persons of the neighbourhood annually risk their lives in the terrific adventure of taking the eggs, which are much esteemed, and destroying the birds to obtain the feathers, which are of the soft quality called eider. A dozen birds generally yield one pound weight of soft feathers, for which the merchants give eightpence; the carcasses are bought by the fishermen at sixpence per dozen, for the purpose of baiting their crab-pots.

"An iron crow is firmly driven into the ground at the summit, and a stout rope turned round it: the adventurer placing himself astride a piece of wood, suspended by one end of the rope, and fastening or lowering at pleasure, the other part of the rope, by letting it slip over the iron, he thus descends gradually to whatever point of the precipice he wishes to explore; and in the end ascends in the same manner, or is drawn up by his confederates; raising in the breast of the spectator tremendous sensations!

"An awful example of danger attending this adventure has this year occurred: an artillery soldier, from one of the neighbouring barracks, without experience, and it should seem without proper caution, attempted it alone, and is supposed to have neglected to fasten the rope about his body; however this might be, he was seen by the party at the signal-house to fall headlong, dashing from crag to crag; and his mutilated remains were found a horrible spectacle among the rocks at the bottom of the cliff."

A later account gives the following list of various birds to be

seen on these rocks in May, June, and July :—Puffins, gulls, cormorants, choughs, eider ducks, auks, divers, guillemots, razor bills, widgeons, willocks, daws, starlings, and pigeons.

Recent tourists (ourselves amongst the number) have watched in June and July for these birds, and seen not a specimen. Thus it is that one traveller and another differ so widely.

Freshwater Cave can only be entered at low water ; it is an excavation made beneath a lofty cliff, by the constant assaults of the sea ; the entrance is rather narrow, but the depth is forty yards. This cave, opening under the cliff, expands into a marine grotto of considerable dimensions, and forms an interesting and impressive object to the curious traveller. A flight pier of chalk divides the mouth of the cave into two unequal arches, beyond the smaller of which is another of the same size. The principal arch is between twenty and thirty feet in height.

The sea-view from the upper part of the cave, with its wild fore-ground, formed by large fragments of the rock, which lie scattered before the spectator, is strikingly beautiful. Through the lesser opening are seen the opposite cliffs of Freshwater Bay ; while the main arch displays a wide expanse of ocean, and in the distance, the noble summit of St. Catherine's Hill. The floor of the cave is a clear pebbly beach, strewn with masses of the rock of every size and shape.

Another of the curiosities is the arched rock which stands on the eastern side of the bay. It is a very large mass of chalk, which has been originally part of the cliff, but now stands insulated in the sea, some six hundred feet from it. The same power that destroyed the intervening cliff has beaten a way through this rock, in the shape of a rude Gothic arch ; the surface of the rock is strangely worn and shattered : it has altogether a curious appearance, which is considerably increased if the sea-fowl be disturbed that roost about its ledges in vast

numbers. There is another, but more lumpish mass rising out of the sea at a little distance from the Arched Rock.

And now you can mount the cliffs, and continue along their summit to the Needles. The walk is a most exhilarating one. The view across the sea is glorious, and the balmy breezes come over the wide waters with that delightful freshness which is never felt but in wandering along the lofty hills that rise at once from the broad ocean. The Downs are open, and only employed for grazing sheep; you may therefore make your own path over them, as the lighthouse is a sufficient landmark. The cliffs here rise precipitously from the sea; and they are the highest chalk cliffs in the kingdom. At High Down they attain an altitude of above six hundred feet. Samphire grows abundantly on these cliffs, and is in common use as a pickle among the poorer classes.

The lighthouse, which originally stood on the brow of the hill above the Needles, has recently been removed to the base of one of the rocks, as shown in our illustration. In its place is one of those forts, now disagreeably numerous on the island, which were built in consequence of the invasion panic a few years ago. Permission is readily given to pass through the fort to the extreme point of the island, whence there is an excellent view to be obtained of Scratchell's Cave and Bay.



SCRATCHELL'S BAY



Scratchell's Bay.



OF this beautiful spot Mantell says:—"The pure white chalk of Scratchell's Bay is composed of lime and carbonic acid. It dissolves rapidly in hydro-chloric acid, and leaves only a slight residuum consisting of flint and organic matter. A microscopical examination shows it to be a mere aggregation of shells and corals, so minute that upwards of a million are contained in a cubic inch of chalk. The amorphous particles appear to be the detritus of similar structures.

These organisms, for the most part, are the calcareous shields and chambered shells of the animalcules, termed *foraminifera*, which swarm in inconceivable numbers in our present seas, and are daily and hourly contributing to the amount of sediment now forming in the bed of the ocean. The nodules and veins of flint that are so abundant in the upper chalk, have probably been produced by the agency of heated water and vapours. The perfect fluidity of the siliceous matter before its consolidation is proved, not only by the sharp moulds

and impressions of shells retained by the flints, but also by the presence of numerous organic bodies in the substance of the nodular masses, and the filicified condition of the sponges and other zoophytes, which swarm in some of the cretaceous strata.

“Although flint, or the earth of flint, is insoluble in water at the ordinary temperature, its solution readily takes place in vapour heated a little above that of cast iron; and this has been proved by actual experiment. Similar effects are being produced at the present moment by natural causes. The siliceous deposits formed by the intermittent boiling fountains, called the geysers, in Iceland, are well known; and in New Zealand this phenomenon is exhibited on a still larger scale.

“The most stupendous line of chalk cliffs in this district is that termed the Main-bench. Then follows Scratchell’s Bay, which is terminated by the Needles. The aspect of this bay is romantic in the extreme. In the face of the cliff, from the destruction of the lower beds of the bent strata, a magnificent arch, 300 feet high, has been produced, and forms an alcove that overhangs the beach 150 feet.

“The well-known pinnacles of chalk, called The Needles, are isolated masses at the extreme western point of the middle range of downs, which have been produced by the decomposition and wearing away of the rock in the direction of the joints or fissures by which the strata are traversed. The angular or wedge-shaped form of these rocks has resulted from the highly-inclined northward dip of the beds of which they are composed.”

To the late Sir Henry Englefield belongs the great merit of having first observed and directed attention to the interesting phenomena occasioned by this disruption and elevation of the eocene and cretaceous formations, which are so remarkably displayed in the Isle of Wight; namely, the vertical position of the strata, and the shattered condition of the flint nodules, though

still embedded in the solid rock. These appearances are very readily examined at Scratchell's Bay. The chalk forms parallel beds or strata, varying from two to five feet in thickness, which are commonly separated by layers of flint nodules, embedded at irregular distances from each other. There are also a few nodules dispersed indiscriminately in the mass. The dip of the inclined strata is in general from 70° to 80° , but many beds in the isle are quite vertical. The parallelism of the cretaceous strata, and the absence of sand, gravel, and other coarse detritus, denote that the deposition of these calcareous sediments took place in tranquil water, and remote from sea-cliffs and shores. Where a large extent of the cliff is exposed, the face of the chalk is seen to be traversed by fissures or joints at right angles to the planes of stratification.

Upon carefully extricating a flint nodule from this cliff, it retains its original form. But upon examination it will be found shattered in every direction, and broken into pieces varying in size from three inches in diameter down to the minutest fragment, and even into an impalpable powder. The flints thus shattered, as if by a blow of inconceivable force, retain their form and position in the bed. The chalk closely invests them on every side, and until removed nothing different from other flints can be perceived, except fine lines indicating the fracture, as in broken glass. But when moved, they fall at once to pieces. The fragments are as sharp as possible, and quite irregular, being certainly not the effect of any peculiar crystallization or internal arrangement of the material, but solely attributable to external violence.

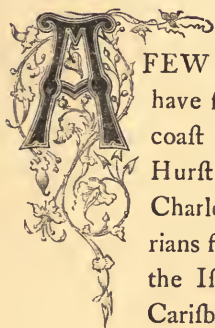
Sir Henry Englefield concludes that this shattered condition of the flints has arisen from the concussion caused by the upheaval and disruption of the once horizontal deposits.

No one should miss Scratchell's Bay. The clearness of the

water here is marvellous, while the scene, as viewed from the back of the cave, and framed in by its height, is magnificent. Only under these circumstances are the Needles seen at their best. Here "veins of rock, shooting from the cliffs, run to a length that cannot be ascertained, terminating in the sea. At a distance they appear like water pipes, and on examination, are found to consist, in the middle, of a vein of black rock, covered with an incrustation of iron. The shape of these veins is singular, but very regular and pointed; they dart into the sea among the other rocks, which form the entrance of Freshwater Cave. The Needle Cave is 300 feet deep."



Yarmouth.



FEW words concerning Yarmouth, and we shall have spoken of every place of importance on the coast of this island. From Yarmouth you mark Hurst Castle, almost an island of itself, where Charles I. was confined when the Parliamentarians feared that the fallen king might escape from the Isle of Wight if he were not removed from Carisbrook.

Even an inhabitant of the isle, and one of its devoted sons, can find nothing better to say of Yarmouth than this :—"The only place of any importance in the west of the island is Yarmouth, which is ten miles distant from Newport. The number of inhabitants in the town and parish is 650. The town of Yarmouth, which was anciently called *Eremuth*, is of considerable antiquity, and contains several streets of well-built houses ; one of which, at the north-west corner of the town, adjoining the quay, was built by Lord Holmes at the time he was Governor of the Island ; and here he entertained Charles the Second when he visited Yarmouth. It shared the fate of

Newtown in the first year of Richard II., having been destroyed by the French in 1377. In the time of Edward the Third, Yarmouth was one of the licensed ports. There is not much business carried on in the town; but vessels occasionally bring up in the roads, if the wind prevents their getting round the Needles. It was formerly much larger, as the sites of several old streets can be clearly traced."

The Yarmouth boatmen are celebrated for pluck, and it is pleasant to see them actively preparing to go to sea. We are watching a light-built cutter preparing to run out from the harbour, when one who has been a good sailor in the heyday of youth, but who is now old, takes his place at our elbow. The men miscalculate, and in trying to make the mouth of the harbour, the boat is sent a point or two to leeward, and her bow is splintered upon certain stone-work.

"Ha!" we say, "thought she would strike the wall."

"Wall, Sir," says the disgusted tar at our side, "that's the CASTLE."

A wall, we declare, not much higher than the quays, and this is the celebrated Yarmouth Castle, built by Henry VIII. It looks like the back-yard of the George Inn, a fine, handsome Elizabethan building, once the residence of Sir Robert Holmes.

Says one of the authorities :—"The castle is situated on the extreme point of land on the east side of the Yar; it was erected by Henry VIII., on the site of a church which had recently been destroyed by the French. The expenses of its buildings were defrayed out of the religious houses which that monarch dissolved. The fortification consists of a platform with eight guns, which commands the narrow channel between the town and Hurst Castle. To the northward of the castle is a platform with large guns." It was much strengthened in 1855.

"The first charter of franchise was granted to the town by

Baldwin, Earl of Devonshire, and Lord of the Isle of Wight, in 1135, the 36th year of the reign of Henry I., and it was confirmed by Edward I., Henry VI., Edward IV., and Queen Elizabeth. It was re-incorporated by James I., in the year 1608, the seventh year of his reign. This borough sent two members to Parliament; a privilege it first exercised the 23rd of Edward I., in 1304, and was the first town in the island selected for that honour. It is a curious fact that although several writs were afterwards directed to Yarmouth, it does not appear that any members were returned until the 27th of Elizabeth (1584), when it was again summoned, since which time it has been regularly represented until 1832, when, by the passing of the Reform Act, it was disfranchised.

“The elective franchise was vested in the Mayor and Corporation. The greatest number of votes polled at any election during the previous thirty years was nine. It is not necessary to reside in the town or neighbourhood to enjoy the dignified and honourable office of Mayor.”

Yarmouth is one of the towns where the carol lingers upon New-year's day, the children have an outing, and sing as follows:

“Wassail, wassail to our town!
The cup is white and the ale is brown;
The cup is made of the ashen tree,
And so is the ale of good barley.
Little maid, little maid, turn the pin,
Open the door, and let me come in.
Joy be there and joy be here,
We wish you all a happy New Year!”

Crossing the harbour, we arrive at Norton, a pleasant village on the opposite side of the river, where there are several delightful villas and cottages. A walk from here to the Downs will repay the labour by the beauty of the scenery. To the westward, on Norton Common, opposite to Hurst Castle, are the

sites of Carey's Sconce, and Worley's Tower, two fortifications successively erected near the same spot, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, for the defence of the narrow sea.

At the turning of Sconce Point we reach Colwell Bay, where once again the Needles come into view.

Not far from Yarmouth is Shalfleet, celebrated for a heavy Norman church, in the graveyard of which is to be found a quaint and cynical epitaph:—

“His change I hope is for the best;
He is with Jesus, or at rest.”

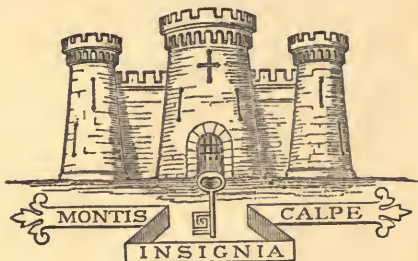
The church is an ancient and singular structure. It consists of a body, chancel, and south aisle, with a low tower. The north porch is of Norman architecture, embellished with a rude sculpture of a bishop, the arms extended, and the hands resting on animals resembling griffins. The windows were formerly ornamented with painted glass; the arms of Montacute Earl of Salisbury, and of Isabella de Fortibus, still remain in them.



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